

The South Atlantic Quarterly

Letters of a Virginia Cadet at West Point,
1859-1861

MAJOR THOMAS ROWLAND, C. S. A.
INTRODUCTION BY KATE MASON ROWLAND

[This is the fifth and last installment of the series of West Point letters which began in the *QUARTERLY* of July, 1915. Attention is directed to Miss Rowland's introduction in that number and to her explanatory footnotes accompanying all the installments. Major Rowland's letters give an inside view of life at West Point over half a century ago on the eve of the Civil War. They throw many interesting sidelights upon events and personages of that important period of American history, and also afford an intimate revelation of the high and gentle character of the young Virginia cadet.—THE EDITORS.]

WEST POINT, N. Y. January 6, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received your Christmas and New Year's letter yesterday, and in answer to it I write my first letter of 1861. I hope indeed that the New Year may bring brighter prospects for our country, and health, happiness, and plenty for us all.

How pleasant it must have been for you to see Mason in Detroit! How long did he stay with you?

To-day we have no services at the Chapel, Mr. French being too unwell to officiate. He has been sick for two or three weeks, so that there were no services on Christmas Day, but upon the 4th we had a minister from Buttermilk Falls, which is the place where old Benny resides and where his successor, old George, has now superseded the superannuated old hero.

New Year's was quite a gala day here. The officers' fam-

ilies all kept open houses, well filled tables, and a plenty of toddy. Ramsay and I made about twelve calls together, and enjoyed the day very much. New Year's Eve I assisted in cooking a hash in Barracks and just got to bed in time for the inspecting officer, who came around with a dark lantern about 11 o'clk, caught a great many fellows out of bed, and found one unfortunate young man with a whisky bottle in his room. He will be court-martialed and dismissed, although he was perfectly sober, unless our class, to which he belongs, goes upon pledge to save him. If we do there will be only one class in the corps, the fifth, not upon pledge. These pledges save a great many young men from dissipation while in the corps, but I should think the restraint would be apt to induce them to go to the other extreme after graduating.

The examination has been in progress since last Wednesday, but the Board have not yet finished with the Plebes, who require very particular attention; they will probably drop sixteen or twenty of them. Our section in mathematics will be called upon Monday or Tuesday; French and English later in the week. In the meanwhile we study or not, just as we please. There are no recitations for us, but call to quarters is just the same as usual. I am sorry that my reports during the last half year have not been entirely satisfactory. I have not been quite as well this year as I was last year, and a very little thing makes a great difference in relative standing, when several of us are so near together that two or three tenths often makes a difference of as many files in the monthly standing.

It is universally admitted that Meigs has more natural genius for mathematics than any other cadet in the corps. Prof. Church, who is the great authority upon mathematics, says that he has never met with his equal at West Point, though many fine mathematicians have graduated under his eye. Meigs has moreover the advantage of being familiar already with the subjects which we are studying, while they are entirely new to the rest of us. You must not expect me to be first in mathematics. Of course I shall do my best, and as long as I am well and in good studying order, I hope to be able to maintain my present standing of second. Our general standing depends partly upon mathematics, and partly upon

English, French, and demerits, though the first of these counts three to one over the others.

I have been perfectly well since Christmas; my trip to Newark did me good. I think my furlough will be an excellent thing for me. I expect to get well and fat enough to last me for the next three years.

I see Fitzhugh Lee every day, but have not made his acquaintance yet. He does not have charge of my company.

I believe I owe Kit and Liz a letter; they must wait until the examination is over. A very good excuse!—they will say. My love to Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert, and to Sallie and Emmie.

Little Bruton is going to resign tomorrow. His guardian in Georgia has written him to do so.

Much love to you all from

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, January, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I have just finished a letter to Aunt Emily in answer to one from her on the subject of secession. She says there is great excitement in Virginia, even on our quiet hillside. I am beginning to get excited myself though I have tried to keep cool as long as possible. I hope something decisive will soon be done in one way or the other. I do not like this suspense.

The examinations are nearly over. The standing is not yet known officially; it is surmised that I am second in mathematics, and first in English and French. No services today at the Chapel in consequence of Prof. French's illness. His illness results from anxiety of mind with regard to the state of the country.

JANUARY 17TH, 1861: The first date of this letter will show you that I at least intended to have been regular in my correspondence. Tattoo interrupted me last Sunday evening and since then I have been enjoying a partial recreation after the completion of our part of the examination. We draw for three hours every morning, problems from "Shades, Shadows and Perspective," but have no recitations for the present. As

soon as the examinations are entirely over, recitations will be resumed as usual. Forty-eight cadets have been found deficient; many of them will be re-examined and have another chance to save themselves. If Mr. Floyd were still in office, they would not have much cause to be alarmed; he was in the habit of reinstating everyone without discrimination.

My standing for the past half term is the same as I had surmised. Meigs is first in mathematics, second in French and third in English, so you see we keep close together.

I have been spending my leisure time, for the last few days in reading. I have nearly finished Macaulay's "England," and "Vanity Fair," and have also read the "Romance of a Poor Young Man." I have had Macaulay on hand for some time, but made slow work while I had my studies to engross my attention.

Col. Delafield is having the Artillery detachment upon the Point drilled daily in their duties, in compliance with orders received from Washington. They are also to be in readiness to march to Washington, upon short notice. When do you expect to secede? I wish you would send me Mason's address. I should like to write to him in his exile. Fitzhugh sends love. Love to all from

Your affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Jan. 22nd, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I intended to have written you a letter yesterday, Sunday, but as I was not able to carry out my intention I will hurry off a few lines this afternoon by way of apology. We have resumed our usual recitations and are just as busy as ever.

I have received a long letter from Cousin Robert on the subject of Secession and the impending crisis in political affairs. He is moderate in his views, and in favor of perpetuating the Union. I will send it to you as soon as I have answered it.

By this morning's mail I received a *Gazette* from Aunt Emily, sent from Okeley, and an Army Register from the War Department. The latter are sent every year to the fives

in each class. It is the first one in which my name has appeared. Prof. French was well enough yesterday to officiate in the Chapel, though he is looking very badly. He preached one of the finest sermons that I have listened to. He has a strong mind in a weak body, and is injuring himself by too much labor. The duties of a Professor and Chaplain are too much for one man.

Nothing decisive seems to occur in politics. I hope all will be settled quietly after these gloomy prospects, and we may still look forward to a quiet summer in Old Virginia. Only five months more before furlough.

Major Beauregard has arrived upon the Point, but has not yet assumed the command. I saw Tom Pelot's resignation in the *Times* a few days ago. The Company of Engineers stationed here, left for Washington on Saturday. The Artillery are expecting to go every day, and Lieut. Griffin, one of our instructors in Tactics, is to go with them. Cousin Robert says that he does not think there will be any attempt made to interfere with the inauguration of Lincoln, or otherwise disturb the peace of Washington.

Have you seen the Report of the Congressional Committee upon the Military Academy? It is quite a voluminous document, but they don't recommend the four years course. They would not be convinced in spite of all we could say last summer, and all that Mrs. Davis said for us.

I hope the girls are not offended because I don't write to them. My letters are intended for Mother and Sisters collectively and individually. My love to Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert, and Sallie and Emmie. Llew Hoxton and Fitzhugh send you love. I hear through Cadets McKee and Fetter¹ of Kentucky, that Aunt Emily is expected in Lexington. Everyone seems to know Miss Emily Mason. God bless you all.

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Jan. 31st, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received Kittie's letter this morning enclosing one from yourself. I have a few quiet moments this afternoon which I

¹ George W. McKee, Fourth Class. The name of Cadet Fetter is not in the *Register*.

will place at your service. Today has been rather more eventful than days usually are at West Point. Two events at least have occurred. In the first place the Light Artillery Company left here this morning for Washington, carrying several howitzers and field pieces, and all the horses from the stables, so that there will be no instruction in riding. The latter is much regretted by the cadets; it is the most agreeable duty that they have. Our class has not commenced riding yet. We will take it up as soon as we return from furlough.

In the second place I signed my name this morning to a paper which reads as follows: "We the undersigned members of the fourth class hereby pledge ourselves to abstain from, and exert our moral influence against, the use of intoxicating liquor, while on duty, as cadets at West Point." You will probably think that Gough has been amongst us. By no means; this pledge serves the purpose of releasing from arrest, and clearing entirely one of our classmates, who would otherwise be courtmartialed and dismissed for being under the influence of the above mentioned intoxicating liquor. Of course every member of the class has to sign the pledge. The omission of a single signature would render it unavailing. It goes pretty hard with some of them, but they all sign rather than suffer a classmate to be dismissed.

There is only one class left in the corps, at present, which is not bound by a similar pledge, the fifth. The Commandant is delighted, of course, and will have the fifth class on pledge, they say, before the winter is over, if he has to drink one of them drunk himself. Of course our pledge does not bind us when on leave, so I will not perhaps be quite so abstemious on furlough.

Just think of it; it is only four months and a half before we all meet once more, *Deo volente*, at the Cottage. I look forward to it with more and more pleasure as the time draws near. Maj. Beauregard after a short and uneventful career of two or three days, has been very unexpectedly ordered away, and Col. Delafield has been reinstated in command, much to the delight of the latter. Probably it is better that he should remain here, he knows the ropes so well, and takes so much interest in the institution.

More resignations are occurring on account of Secession. The Georgian delegation² will leave this week.

[The remainder of this letter is lost.]

WEST POINT, N. Y., Feb. 13th, 1861 :

MY DEAR MOTHER

I commenced a letter to you on Sunday, but as I did not finish it, I merely enclosed to you a letter upon politics which I received not long ago from Cousin Robert. For the last few days the weather has been so mild here that I am at present suffering from an attack of the spring fever. It is very suggestive of furlough, this balmy air, and bright sunshine. If I were at home I should go to work at once upon the hotbeds, but I suppose there is plenty of winter in store for us yet. By-the-bye to-day is Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, and to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day. I remember them of old; on the former commenced the customary self-denial, no molasses for six weeks. How we used to wish for Easter! St. Valentine's Day seems to be going out of fashion.

I had a long letter from Dora the other day, eight pages on the subject of Secession and Union. She seems to have been apprehensive that I intended to resign, and appeals with much eloquence to my patriotism. I answered it, disclaiming any such intention. I think I will be able to stay here until June, whatever may happen. Fitzhugh Lee introduced himself to me the other day, talked very pleasantly, and offered to do anything in his power for me. He told me that if I wished to receive packages to have them sent to his address.

One of the cadets who was absent a few days ago on leave tells me that he met a party of Virginian students who had just *seceded* from Union College. They inquired about Llew Hoxton and myself. I do not know who they were, but probably were friends of yours. I hope it is not true that Mason has lost his appointment to the Naval School; I don't believe the story about the Secession Cockade.

We have commenced the study of Differential and Integral Calculus, the last work in the course of pure mathematics.

² The cadets from Georgia were: Pierce B. Young, Edward S. Willis, Joseph A. Alexander, James Barrow, John A. West, Joseph G. Blount, Matthew T. Nunnally, Thomas J. Bruton. Of the eighty-six cadets from the South in 1860, sixty-five responded to the call of their States and were in the C. S. A.

It is considered the most perfect branch of mathematical science, and though in itself abstract, a key to the secrets of all the natural sciences. I am well pleased with it and will try to do well upon it. After furlough we have the application of mathematics in "Bartlett's Philosophy." The latter has the reputation of being the most profound and difficult text-book in our language. It combines the most difficult mathematical, with the most abstruse natural science. The cadets call it "Phil."

I have been reading lately a great deal in the "Spectator." The more I read the more I am pleased with it. I never read anything from which I obtained more valuable and practical self-education. I seem to find in it what I know at once to be true, but would have found, otherwise, only by years of experience and observation. It is an inexhaustible fund of interest, information, and good teachings. Burns might have found in it the realization of his wish—"to see ourselves as others see us."

I suppose Aunt Emily is by this time in Kentucky; when I last heard from her she wrote from Baltimore.

How does the climate of Michigan agree with Aunt Laura? I hope she intends to spend next summer at the Cottage. I believe the summers of the Cottage are much cooler than in these Northern cities. We always have plenty of shade and a cool breeze. You must not be surprised that I write so much about next summer. At this time of the year furlough becomes almost the single idea of a fourth classman. It is very natural, that here where the winters are so quietly passed, and one day is almost the counterpart of another,—distinguished from it, perhaps, by a new theorem in mathematics or a new subject in ethics,—our thoughts wander often into the future and call up bright day dreams of pleasure and change. Four months more of such dreams mingled with a good deal of hard work will bring us in reach of the realization.

My love to the girls, and to Aunt Laura and Uncle Robert, and to my little cousins.

Remember me to all friends in Michigan.

Your devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., Feb. 24th, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

I received Kittie's letter of the 17th, announcing Mason's intention of visiting West Point. I was delighted with the visit from Mason of which you have already received an account from him, I suppose, as he wrote to you while here. He arrived about eleven o'clock on the 22nd, supposing that we would have a holiday and a celebration on that day, but everything was going on just as usual at West Point excepting a few national airs from the full band at reveille and tattoo. I was at recitation when he arrived, but as soon as I returned I smuggled him into my room, and by means of various expedients kept him with me until 9 o'clock the next day, giving him quite an insight into cadet life. I introduced him to a great many of my classmates, and took him to supper and breakfast in the Mess Hall, and shared my iron bedstead with him. It was quite like old times to sleep with Mason and reminded me of our little room at home. Fitzhugh Lee was very kind to him and my classmates were all very attentive; altogether he appeared to enjoy his visit very much. One of my classmates, Mr. Ramsay (an indefatigable talker) came around after taps, and entertained him in bed until after eleven o'clock. Mr. Graves sympathized with him strongly on the Secession question, and was very indignant at Lovejoy's conduct. Mr. Twining³ of Indiana thought perhaps he could obtain an appointment from his district, the 8th, and in that event offered him letters of introduction to his family and friends. Washington sent messages by him to Miss Laura Lippett, and many others to Jennie Cooper and the Masons. He gave me a very amusing account of his adventures at Niagara, which resulted in his being brought into court as witness in a case of assault and battery. He went from here to Newark to spend Sunday with Dora. I sent by him a knife to Richard and a book to Aunt Betsy. I became quite well acquainted with Fitzhugh Lee in consequence of Mason's visit. I am delighted with him; he is not the least bit formal as I might expect from an officer in his position, but calls me Tom and treats me just like a cousin.

³ William J. Twining of Iowa, Fifth Class.

Love to the girls and the Chiltons.
From your most affectionate Son

T. ROWLAND.

I heard from Aunt Emily last week. She was in Louisville.
What do you think of Secession now?

WEST POINT, N. Y., March 14th, 1861:

MY DEAR BROTHER

I hoped that you would have written me an account of the remaining portion of your journey, the first half of which was so eventful, and of your arrival in Old Virginia. I want to know too what your impression is with regard to the action of Virginia. I can form no satisfactory idea of what is going on from the conflicting and fluctuating accounts in the newspapers. What do our friends and relations think about the crisis? Does the general feeling seem to favor Secession or continuing in the Union? Socially our sympathies are certainly with the Southern States and for my part I see no reason why the commercial interests of Virginia will not be quite as secure in a Southern Confederacy as in a Northern Union. I have been so long in suspense between Union and Secession, that my mind is almost equally prepared for either event.

Tell Jennie Cooper that my classmate, Mr. Olivier,⁴ has just received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army of the Southern Confederacy. She probably remembers meeting him here last summer. He is a nephew of General Beauregard. I was very sorry to see Col. Cooper's resignation announced in the papers. What could have caused him to take this step so soon? His loss to the army is universally regretted.

I received a letter from Kittie this morning; they had just arrived at Ann Arbor, and expected to be in Virginia in May. Are you keeping bachelor's hall at the Cottage or are you staying with Cousin Maria at Cameron? We are having a severe snow storm here at present, and the snow is already several inches deep. I suppose you are having pleasant spring weather. Write to me soon; tell me all the Virginia news,

⁴ L. N. Olivier, Louisiana, Fifth Class.

and send me those specimen cockades that you promised me. You have more time at your disposal than I have, and might employ it very charitably now and then in writing me a few lines.

My best love to all at Cameron and Okeley, and to all the dwellers upon the Hill. Best love too to the Johnstons and all friends in Alexandria. Your friends here desire to be remembered to you. Ramsay is still *talking*.

I long to see you all, and set foot in Old Virginia once more.

In haste, your affectionate brother

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., March 31st, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

It has been a beautiful Easter Sunday, with just enough cold wind to give character to the last day of March. We had very good music this morning from our cadet choir; the *Te Deum* and the Easter hymn, "Christ the Lord is Risen To-Day," were particularly beautiful. Prof. French preached one of his most interesting sermons; he is a truly eloquent preacher and such a good man. He has been in very poor health for some time past. I think he exerts himself too much and studies too hard. It is a pity that he has such a feeble body to sustain such a strong mind.

I thought of you and of the girls to-day during the services and at the Holy Communion, and have no doubt that I was likewise remembered in Detroit. Though separated by distance may we be ever united in spirit in communion with our Heavenly Father.

I had a letter from Mason last week; he sends me a Virginia cockade, of blue ribbon with a button in the centre having the arms and motto of the State. As my fate does not hang upon so slight a thread as a politician's promise I can afford to have in my possession an article which was so fatal to Mason's hopes. I never wear it, of course, but I have fixed it as an ornament over my clothes press. Lieut. Hasin, our inspecting officer, seems very well satisfied with it, or else has not noticed it. He is from Ohio. Fitzhugh Lee has not re-

signed and has no particular thoughts of doing so at present. The appointment which he received in the Army of the South was given without his knowledge or request. Mason says that Sam Cooper will resign soon, and that Cousin Maria and Jennie are going South in the fall.

I read yesterday an article called the "Philosophy of Secession," which is well worth reading. It is a letter from Pratt, one of the South Carolina Commissioners, to Perkins, one of the Louisiana delegates. It is forcibly written and displays clearly and unmistakably the view of the most ultra of Southern Statesmen. If his principles and views could be considered as an exposition of the principles upon which the Southern Government is based, the founders of that Government would go a step further than the border States would be willing to follow them. Read it and see if you—

WEST POINT, N. Y., April 4th, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

My Sunday letter, as you see, has had the misfortune to meet with a slight detention. I will send you the unfinished fragment, however, as I have not time to-day to add much to it. We have had still another snow but it has melted off rapidly and from present appearances I think we will have a drill this afternoon. I hear that the cold has destroyed the peach crop in Virginia.

Col. Bowman's daughters arrived the other day just from boarding school. They were welcomed by a serenade.

The mail leaves in a few minutes and I will not detain this another day. I will write again Sunday. I shall be delighted to have a visit from you on your way home.

Love to all.

From your aff. Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST POINT, N. Y., April 15th, 1861:

MY DEAR MOTHER

Hitherto in my letters I have said little about our national troubles. I have been hoping always that something would be done to avert the calamity of civil war; that nothing de-

cisive would occur until furlough when we would have an opportunity of discussing the subject together fully and unreservedly. But it seems from our last despatches that the war has actually commenced. The present administration has plainly foreshadowed a policy of coercion, and a disposition not to recognize the independence of the Seceded States, and under these circumstances it does not seem possible to me that Virginia can remain in the Union another week, acting in accordance with the policy which she has plainly laid down in recent resolutions adopted by her Convention.

The last news which has reached here is that Fort Sumter is taken, and that President Lincoln has just ordered seventy-five thousand men upon service. I have not yet heard what has been the latest action of the Virginia Convention. Everything here is full of excitement; and suspense concerning the action of the border States renders the position of a cadet from one of those States painful and perplexing. There will be several resignations today, and the whole of the North Carolina delegation will resign this week.

As soon as I hear that Virginia is going to secede I should like to resign immediately. I have no doubt that in doing so I would fulfill your wishes. You know that in order to resign, not being of age, I must have your written or telegraphed permission. Please send it at once if you are not opposed to this course, so that I may be ready for any emergency. If you think I am too hasty, tell me so. I have always been among the most moderate of the Southern cadets, but remember what a position I am placed in, bound by an oath of allegiance to this Government, while daily expecting intelligence that my native State has separated herself from the Union. Write to me at once, or if Virginia secedes telegraph my permission to resign. I shall do nothing without your advice, and as soon as I leave here I will meet you at once wherever you may be and see you safe in Old Virginia. Then to my duty; what that will be is yet uncertain. God bless you and protect you all, and guide us to do what is right.

Your most devoted Son

T. ROWLAND.

WEST PT. N. Y. April 16th 1861.

MY DEAR AUNT,

Yesterday brought a full confirmation of the exciting news of the surrender of Fort Sumpter, and the proclamation of the President. Had I been of age, I think I should have resigned immediately; not so much from sympathy with the Confederate States, as from the uncertainty of my position.

All Virginians here and indeed all cadets from the Border States, for they are almost the only Southerners left here now, anticipate the immediate secession of Virginia and the other Border States. What else can they do?

If they remain in the Union they should support the government promptly and vigorously in this important crisis. If they are not ready to do this, as I believe they are not, it appears to me that there is no alternative but immediate, unconditional secession.

They must either recognize and endorse at once the fact and the right of Secession, or march with unwavering resolution to the subjugation of the Southern States. I can see no middle ground honorable or even tenable.

If delay appear practicable to the statesmen of Virginia, how perplexing and painful must be the position of her officers and soldiers. We can not hesitate, we must either make up our minds to fight under the Stars and Stripes, wherever our services may be called for, or we must resign at once and free ourselves from that solemn oath to serve the United States "honestly and faithfully, against all their enemies or opposers whatsoever."

I hope therefore that Virginia will act at once. I wrote to mother yesterday asking her permission to resign as soon as Virginia indicates such a policy as I suppose she can not fail to adopt before another week has passed.

If Virginia joins the Confederate States, I have no doubt of being able to obtain a second Lieutenancy in the Southern Army. If she prefers to remain neutral, if such a thing is possible, rather than imbue her hands in fraternal blood, I think there are many ways in which I might earn an honest crust, and guard my native fireside.

Please make allowances for "youth and indiscretion," and write to me on this subject.

Tell me what sensible Virginians think about it.

My love to all my relations and friends at home.

In haste

Your very affnate nephew

T. ROWLAND.

Captain Henry Wilkinson

CHARLES M. ANDREWS

Professor of American History in Yale University

Ever since 1829, when Francois Xavier Martin in his history of North Carolina included Henry Wilkinson among the governors of Albemarle during the early proprietary period and stated as an apparently well-ascertained fact that Wilkinson died while in active service in the colony, historians of the state have as a rule accepted without question Wilkinson's right to a definite place in its annals. Mr. Ashe speaks of Wilkinson's administration as a fact, and even Dr. Weeks, most patient and learned of bibliographers, lingers a little lovingly over the problem and seems unwilling to give up even so small a part of the state's historical pedigree. Yet many years ago, one of the best of North Carolina scholars, David L. Swain, himself a governor and later president of the University of North Carolina, basing his statement on the entire absence of evidence showing Wilkinson's presence in the colony, declared in a letter to George Bancroft, which has never been printed, that he had no faith in the Wilkinson story. It is worth while, therefore, to present the facts of Wilkinson's career, as far as we have them, and to show why in all probability Governor Swain was right in his belief.

Captain Henry Wilkinson was born in the city of York probably not later than the year 1620, for in 1681 he wrote of himself as having at that date already "spent the prime of his days" and was "without much longer to enjoy life." He would hardly have used these expressions had he been less than sixty years old. He was by profession a soldier, had served in the Civil War on the royalist side, had accompanied "his Majesty beyond sea," and at various times been attached to the garrison of Pontefract Castle in Yorkshire. "In a good capacity under several qualifications in England and elsewhere," he had acquitted himself "as a gentleman and a loyal subject," and when, just before the Restoration, Cromwell's old general, Lambert, sought to hold York against the advancing army of Monck, had joined an uprising of the gentry

of Yorkshire, who with their servants constituted a force strong enough to aid in breaking and dissipating Lambert's army and opening the way for Monck's advance southward.

With wars over and peace restored, Wilkinson remained in Yorkshire, vainly endeavoring to maintain his family by ventures in business and other honorable forms of occupation, being unwilling, as he declared, to turn to the court for either place or pension. But his training as a soldier little fitted him for success as a money maker, and his undertakings, whether begun alone or in conjunction with others, not only proved unsuccessful in themselves, but actually involved him in serious financial losses. He refers to an obscure episode in Yorkshire history, when he says that he lost a thousand pounds at court in assisting Castillian Morris, son of Colonel John Morris, governor of Pontefract Castle, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered for his loyalty.

In despair at bettering himself by any form of honest and independent employment in the place where he had been born and which had always been his usual place of residence, he left York, probably about 1679, and with his family went to London. There he learned of the various efforts made to advance the settlement of Carolina and of the troubles that had come upon that section of the colony which lay north of Albemarle Sound. These troubles were well known in England, where the trial of John Culpepper for his share in the insurrection of 1677 against Thomas Miller, the King's collector in Albemarle, had been a conspicuous incident of the day. Culpepper was acquitted through the intervention of the Earl of Shaftesbury, but this settlement of the case did not relieve the Lords Proprietors of Carolina of their anxiety regarding the future of their northern colony. The prospects which they offered to all who would go out there to settle attracted Wilkinson's attention, and he resolved "to bid adieu to [his] own unkind country" and to cast in his lot with the emigrants to the New World. Hopeful of the outlook, he waited on the proprietors to see what were the "considerable encouragements" offered to such as would transport themselves and their families across the sea. As the result of many interviews, he became known to the Earl of Craven and the Earl of Shaftes-

bury, and was finally offered the governorship of the colony, an offer which he gladly accepted. The appointment was decided on definitely sometime before August, 1680, for in that month Wilkinson applied to the crown, but as it happened unsuccessfully, for the loan of a ship, *The Spanish Merchant*, in which to convey himself, his family, and servants, and any passengers that might be disposed to go to America with him. The petition was referred to the Admiralty, and undoubtedly rejected as we hear nothing more of it.

The reasons for the appointment of Wilkinson can be easily given. The Lords Proprietors were in great need at this juncture of a good and satisfactory governor for the northern colony. Affairs there had not been prospering for a number of years. Since 1676, proprietary plans for the establishment of a settled and peaceful community on Albemarle Sound had gone awry. The problem of a governor had proved difficult to solve. Eastchurch who had been sent back in 1676 never reached the colony; Miller who tried to be governor in 1677, without proprietary sanction, had brought upon himself the hostility of the inhabitants, had been seized and imprisoned, and with difficulty escaped to England; Seth Sothell, sent over in 1678, had been taken by the Algerines and carried into captivity; Harvey appointed in 1679 had died within a few months; and Jenkins, chosen in the colony as an *ad interim* governor, did not represent the proprietary interests. For four years, therefore, colonial affairs had been in a state of confusion, a condition that interfered not only with proprietary control but also with the collecting of the King's revenues.

To the proprietary mind, Wilkinson had many qualifications for the post. He was a stranger, in no way identified with the colony, representing no faction and unconcerned with recent rivalries and animosities. He was looked upon as a man who would probably manage affairs with moderation and do equal justice to all parties, bringing peace to the colony and returns to the King's Exchequer. Furthermore, he was a man of years and experience, married, with grown children, and one not likely to go off philandering, as Eastchurch had done in his search for a wife while on his way to the colony. He still possessed the remnants of a fortune and seemed to be a

steady and dependable person. He and two of his sons had served the King and were loyal to the House of Stuart, and the proprietors had reason to believe that such men would be faithful to themselves and their interests in the colony. One may not wonder that Wilkinson seemed to be eminently fit for the place, from the proprietary point of view.

Once having decided on the appointment, the Lords Proprietors proceeded to complete the necessary preliminaries. In February, 1681, they issued a patent constituting Wilkinson governor, and granted him blank deputations for councillors in case any of those named in England should prove unsatisfactory. They commissioned his youngest son register of the colony, and Sir Peter Colleton, acting on his individual proprietary privilege, appointed the eldest son, Robert, surveyor, and Shaftesbury named him his own personal deputy in the Governor's Council. Later, in July, the board as a whole vested Wilkinson with all the rights and powers of a cacique, as defined in the famous body of fundamentals drafted by John Locke twelve years before.

Everything thus seemed well under way for a successful consummation of the plans entered upon by Wilkinson and the proprietors. But within two months after receiving his patent, Wilkinson did two things that in the end were to prove his undoing. In March, he accompanied the Earl of Shaftesbury from London to Oxford, on the occasion of the meeting there of the court and parliament, when "the roads were thronged with lords and gentlemen that were going thither;" and in April, having made all the necessary preparations, he hired the ship *Abigail* of Colchester, of a hundred and thirty tons burden, victualled it for a master, ten men, and all such passengers as should embark, and put on board his household goods and other necessities, his wife, daughter, and three sons, twenty-eight men servants and four or five women servants, the former "of all sorts of different mechanick useful trades," with their utensils, and in addition several other persons and some families, who had contracted with him for freight and passage of themselves and their goods.

The hiring of the ship at so early a date, which he claims to have done at the encouragement of some who afterwards

failed him, was an unwise action in keeping with Wilkinson's past adventures in the business world. Delay followed delay, and one month went and then another, and still he was unable to get away. Some of the passengers decided not to go at all, others delayed their going and in so doing delayed the departure of the ship. From April to August, 1681, the *Abigail* lay in the Thames, maintained at Wilkinson's expense, a burden on his rapidly dwindling fortune and involving him in heavy indebtedness, which, added to that already incurred, kept him in a continual state of perplexity as to how to meet the claims against him and at the same time to supply himself, his servants, and passengers with their necessary sustenance. Finally, having to all appearances got through with most of the difficulties under which he labored, he resolved to sail without further delay, when one of the passengers, looking upon himself as injured by the long demurrage of the ship, brought about his arrest. Once down, Wilkinson was beset by other creditors, and at length thrown into the Compter in Wood Street, a city prison that lay just outside the wallen and was used for all those arrested within the liberties of London. Though he endeavored to make terms, he was unsuccessful, his servants, though under bond to him, deserted, the passengers left the ship with their persons and goods, to his own exceeding great loss, not only of his goods and estate, but, and in this connection a much more important matter, of his place also as governor of Albemarle.

Wilkinson remained in the Compter from August until September, when by a writ of habeas corpus he obtained his removal from London to Westminster, where he was confined in the prison of the King's Bench. While there he was approached by certain persons searching for evidence against the Earl of Shaftesbury, who in July had been arrested in his house on Aldersgate Street, brought before the Privy Council, and finally thrust into the Tower for high treason, on the ground of having been implicated in a Presbyterian plot to seize the King at Oxford during the sitting of the late parliament. The only witnesses against Shaftesbury were "Irishmen and Papists," men whose information was not deemed sufficiently trustworthy to carry conviction at the time.

More substantial witnesses were sought. One of the charges against Shaftesbury was that he had ridden armed to Oxford, and as Wilkinson was one of those who had accompanied the Earl heavy pressure was put upon him to furnish incriminating evidence. But Wilkinson gave his questioners little satisfaction. He agreed that during the negotiations relative to the Carolina governorship he had had frequent occasion "to wait upon and become acquainted with the Lords Proprietors and amongst them with the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury," from whom he "had always a very kind reception," but he stoutly denied that he ever had "any other discourse than was occasional in relation to [his] intended voyage." Failing in this way to influence Wilkinson, Shaftesbury's enemies attempted to bribe him, offering him five hundred pounds a year or ten thousand pounds in money. To a man in Wilkinson's position such an offer must have come as a tempting opportunity to rid himself of his financial troubles, and his firmness in refusing to have anything to do with it bears witness to his courage and honesty. He rejected the bribe, declaring that he knew nothing of any plot or design against the King. Though he finally allowed himself to be examined by Secretary Jenkins and Lord Conway and even by the King himself, he adhered loyally to his position. According to his own statement, he was questioned also by Lords Halifax and Hyde and many others, who in their effort to involve Shaftesbury felt the need of an influential English witness to supplement the assertions of those already brought forward, who were Irishmen of little credit. Wilkinson in his own defence wrote an account of his experiences, which in the form of a printed folio sheet had a wide circulation and is mentioned by contemporary diarists. This "Information" is now a rare document: there are three copies in the Bodleian Library, two in the British Museum, and one in the Library of All Souls College, Oxford. There are none, as far as I know, in this country.

According to the "Information," Wilkinson was still in the King's Bench Prison on October 14, 1681. From Luttrell's *Diary* we learn that he was there as late as November 21. Unfortunately the Commitment Books of the prison are not

extant for this early period, and it is not possible to say how long Wilkinson remained confined. Nothing more is known about him. That he never renewed his attempt to go to Albemarle seems amply proven by his own statement that he lost "place and passage" when thrown into prison. There is no further reference to him in the minutes of the proprietors and no record whatever of his presence in the colony. Furthermore the sequence of events, as far as we have them, seems to preclude any later connection on his part with the colony. We know that Sothell, redeemed from captivity, intended as early as September, 1681, a significant date in view of Wilkinson's plight, to make a second effort to reach Carolina. When he actually sailed we do not know; the first intimation of his presence in the colony is found in a letter from the proprietors of November, 1683, addressed to him as governor. With Wilkinson in prison in November, 1681, and the date of his release unknown, and with Sothell governor in Albemarle before November, 1683, and the date of his sailing unknown, there remains very little available time for the execution of any project that Wilkinson may have had in mind. The only reason we have for thinking he tried again is his own statement while in prison that his troubles had "put a stop, at present, to [his] intended voyage." But he was an old man, discredited, and heavily in debt. It is hardly possible to believe that under the circumstances he could have made another attempt to go to the colony. Of such effort, if made, not a trace remains. Governor Swain, though he had at command but a small part of the evidence on which this paper is based, was undoubtedly right in his conclusion. Captain Henry Wilkinson was never a resident governor of colonial North Carolina.

The Gothic Spirit in Shakespeare

FREDERICK MORGAN PADELFOORD

Professor of English in the University of Washington

The creative spirit of Northern Europe, which had already found partial expression in epic and ballad, attained complete expression in the Gothic architecture. The society which took shape in the mediaeval cities, centers of democratic industry, inevitably sought to objectify its social ideals and its social enthusiasm in art, and architecture, ever the most social of the arts, provided the logical medium. With one common impulse, entire communities dedicated their best energies to the erection of noble public buildings. Every citizen contributed of his means and of his skill. The quarryman, the stonecutter, the smith, the mason, the carpenter, the wood carver, the sculptor, the poet, the musician, were all united in one brotherhood, inspired by one common purpose, to express the glory of the city and to immortalize its fame. It was this generous incentive that guided the hand as it swung the massive blocks into place, as it adorned the face of the stone with the pageantry of human life and of nature, as it carved the choir screen or the stalls, as it filled the great rose window or the lancets with a glory of colored light, or as it moulded the bells, that they might fill the air with their fragrance. Is it any wonder that in the pride of his heart man exclaimed, "It was as if the world had shaken off her old garments to array herself in a white vestment of churches."

Into this fair vestment was woven the complete picture of mediaeval life. If all other records had been lost, all chronicles, romances, poems, sermons, paintings, garments, utensils, the essential record of the life of these centuries could yet be derived from the architecture. Every phase of life is reflected therein: the life of men in the home, in the fields, in the market, in the cloister or in the church; the life of men on the highway or on the sea; also the life of nature, the life of animals and the life of plants.

But the time came when men wrought these fair vestments no more. Readers of Victor Hugo will recall the dramatic pic-

ture in "Notre Dame de Paris" where the gray haired Don Claude, archdeacon and alchemist, stands by the open window of his cell and stretching his right hand toward the printed commentary of St. Paul resting upon the table, and his left toward the vast church crouching in the heart of the town, its two towers outlined in black against a starry sky, with a melancholy glance from book to church, sighs, "Alas! the one will kill the other." By the king's physician the remark is taken as fresh evidence of the archdeacon's madness; by the monarch, who is present in disguise, the prophecy is understood.

And then the great romanticist steps aside from the story for a chapter to trace the fulfillment of the prophecy, and to show how architecture, which was indeed the Book in which the late middle ages wrote the story of its life, went into its inevitable decline, while the printed page grew ever more potent with the passing years:

"So, too, see how from the time of the discovery of printing, architecture decayed, withered, and dried away. How plainly we can see the water sinking, the sap drying up, the thought of the time and of the people withdrawing from it! The sense of chill is almost imperceptible in the fifteenth century; the press was still too weak, and could only draw off somewhat of the superabundant life of mighty architecture. But with the dawn of the sixteenth century the disease of architecture became apparent; it has ceased to be the essential expression of society; in distress, it becomes classic art; from being Galician, European, indigenous, it becomes Greek and Roman; from being real and modern, it becomes pseudo-antique. It is this decline which is known as the Renaissance, or revival. And yet it is a magnificent decline; for the old Gothic genius, that sun which is setting behind the gigantic press of Mayence, for some time longer pierces with its last rays all this hybrid heap of Latin arcades and Corinthian columns. . . . But what was printing doing? All the life which architecture lost, flushed its veins. In proportion as architecture degenerated, printing throve and flourished. The capital of forces which human thought had expended in building, it henceforth expended in books. So from the dawn of the

sixteenth century onward, the press, grown to the level of the declining architecture, wrestled with it, and slew it."

Thus did the book of stone in which one civilization after another wrote the story of its deeds and of its dreams, give way to the book of paper.

As we regard the glorious monuments of the middle age, and reflect that in them the spirit of the North attained its full eloquence, we are led to ask, in how far has the genius of the great Gothic book reproduced itself in those books of a later day which man carries about with him, lightly beneath his arm, and which travel from ocean to ocean and to the uttermost parts of the earth with a speed that outstrips the flight of those airy visitants which have made their age-long summer home in the crannies of the cathedral towers.

It is another way of asking, to what extent have the traditional art impulses of the Teutonic spirit perpetuated themselves; to what extent, with the passing of time and the influx of fresh ideals from without, has the Teutonic spirit held to its racial art creed? The question is indeed a large one, and could hardly be answered in the compass of a volume, much less of a single essay. But it is perhaps interesting and worth while to try to answer it of the great poet who was the supreme figure in the first school of English artists after the decline of the cathedral builders, to produce art of a high order. The cathedrals and the Elizabethan drama soar, mountain ranges called into being by the creating mind of man; between them stretch the depressing plains, with only here and there some elevation to relieve the flatness.

What now is the art creed in obedience to which the Gothic architecture was built? I suppose the quality in this architecture that first commands attention is the very quality that gained for it the epithet by which it has come to be known, its savageness. This was partly an expression of the temperament of the builders; it was partly the result of the conditions of work that maintained among them. The men who built these stupendous churches came of a race that for untold generations had lived beneath frowning skies, had brooded in the gloomy forests of the north, or had grappled with wind and wave on the stern northern seas. "They dwell in a hidden

land," says Hrothgar in describing the haunt of Grendel and his dam, in the *Beowulf*, "they dwell in a hidden land amid wolf-haunted slopes and savage fen-paths, nigh the wind-swept cliffs where the mountain stream falleth, shrouded in the mists of the headlands." And the seafarer wails:

I can sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling,
How oft through laborious days, through the wearisome hours
I have suffered; have borne tribulations; explored in my ship,
Mid the terrible rolling of waves, habitations of sorrow.
Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night-watch hath held me
At the prow of my craft as it tossed about under the cliffs.
My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with ice-chains,
Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my heart;
And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of courage.

It is indeed a different world from that in which the palaces and temples of Greece and Rome were reared, where the waveless plains spread themselves like a green sea bounded by the tremulous air, or the hills sprawled in comfort beneath the warm sun, or the blue Mediterranean lay, "lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams." And is it to be deplored that these sincere children of the north gave to their frowning walls something of the morose character of the wind-swept cliffs, to their buttresses something of the tense play of the lean muscle of the wolf, and to the vast stretches of nave and aisle something of the austere gloom of the forest!

But while the savage nature of the Gothic was in its larger features thus reflective of the racial mood, the rudeness that often maintained in the execution of details was due to the social conditions under which the work was produced. For while the architects of Asia and of Greece and of Rome held to a few simple details of ornamentation, such as the key design, or the egg and the dart, and trained slaves to a mean perfection in the carving of these unimaginative details, the architects of the north placed the chisel in the hand of every workman who was willing to use it and bade him cut in stone that which he saw revealed in the world about him. Consequently there was much crude design, but such design was the symbol of a glorious liberty, and out of this very imperfection of parts was wrought the noble perfection of the whole. There lies on my desk as I write a *miserere* from the choir of Ely.

The ark, a curious affair with three castellated towers, is tossing on a rough sea; Noah, who fits into the central tower as neatly as a nut into its shell, protrudes his body from an opening, and beckons to the dove which is bearing a branch several times larger than itself; while the raven, perched on the back of a carcass that floats upright, gorges itself with carrion, unregardful of the branch which floats forgotten beside it. Clumsy, you say; yes, uncouth. But the enthusiasm of it all, the joy of self-expression, the consciousness of the divine art instinct! Fancy a whole community engaged in a common undertaking, and everyone happy in his work and proud of what he is doing! And it is this happy sense of freedom which gives to the cathedrals that vigor, that audacity, that boldness, which today we strive for in vain. So these crudities in details are the price that was paid for the happiness of the workman.

This leads to a second characteristic of the Gothic architecture, its incompleteness. The cathedrals were often begun in a small way, and were often centuries in the building. Each generation took up the task bequeathed them, labored earnestly at it, and passed the unfinished remainder on to their children. But it is not this incompleteness of which I speak, but rather of that spiritual incompleteness to which the northern nature was poignantly sensitive, and of which this structural incompleteness is but the symbol. The classical architecture was satisfied to take a part of life and express that part perfectly; the northern architecture would be satisfied with nothing short of the whole of life,—and the whole of life included not only the visible, but the invisible as well.

Here again the architecture was true to long-standing racial traits. Despite the stern rebuffs of nature, the well-sinewed hearts of the primitive men of the north rose superior to discouragement and were ever moved by an insatiable desire to push out into the mysterious unknown. Theirs was the unquenchable spirit of romance, of adventure, the passionate longing to break through the trammels into some glorious beyond. So if we find the seafarer lamenting the hardness of his life, we also find him driven on by an eternal unrest:

Now my spirit uneasily turns in the heart's narrow chamber,
Now wanders forth over the tide, o'er the home of the whale,
To the ends of the earth—and comes back to me. Eager and greedy,
The lone wanderer screams, and resistlessly drives my soul onward,
Over the whale-path, over the tracts of the sea.

To this spirit of romance which was thus ever welling up, this hunger to find what lay on the farther side of the barriers of reality, Christianity gave divine approval and encouragement.

The cathedrals show on every hand this consciousness of the mystery of life, this pathetic reaching after the unattainable. One meets it in the ugly goblins and uncouth monsters—creatures with which the northern imagination had long peopled fen and forest, cave and headland—that lurk in the shadows of the cathedral or on occasion boldly confront one; one meets it in the rigid and anatomiless statues where the hand of the artisan confesses how far short it has come of revealing the dream that it struggles to express; one meets it in the great central motive of the church, where dashes of heavenly light from clerestory and lantern shoot through the vast and gloomy stretches of transept and nave. "It is this strange *disquietude* of the Gothic spirit that is its greatness; that restlessness of the dreaming mind, that wanders hither and thither among the niches, and flickers feverishly around the pinnacles, and frets and fades in labyrinthine knots and shadows along wall and roof, and yet is not satisfied, nor shall be satisfied. The Greek could stay in his triglyph furrow, and be at peace; but the work of the Gothic heart is fretwork still, and it can neither rest in, nor from, its labor, but must pass on, sleeplessly, until its love of change shall be pacified forever in the change that must come alike on them that wake and them that sleep."¹

A third characteristic of the Gothic is variety. Of the cathedrals of England, Salisbury alone can claim homogeneity of structure. Many of them, indeed, illustrate the whole history of church building from the Norman to the perpendicular. No generation felt that it must hold to tradition in building, but while it treated with reverence the work of the past, was ever seeking a more skillful solution of structural problems

¹ Ruskin, *The Stones of Venice*, The Nature of Gothic. Students of Ruskin will appreciate how much this essay owes to him.

and more beautiful and effective ornamentation. But aside from the fact that the cathedrals were the products of successive schools, how infinite is the variety of interest that they present! In the larger features, the simple cruciform outline is modified by additional transepts, echoing the motif of the main transepts, by towers of constantly varying proportions and designs, by porches of manifold grace and variety, by chapels thrown now to the east, now to the north, now to the south, all contributing to give to any particular cathedral an individual character. In the smaller features, the variation is limitless; at every step one is confronted with some fresh and charming detail. One stands before a single bay of a choir: here are corbels forming long, floriated cones; here are flowering vines in the recesses of the graceful shafts; here are trefoils and cusps in the small triforium arches; here are lovely bosses in the tympanum above them; here are angels, as it were arrested for the moment by the sweetness of the music; here is a malevolent imp, that snarls and bristles, as if impatient to be at his mischief again. It is the variety which the conditions of free workmanship made possible.

Another characteristic, somewhat akin to variety, is profuseness, that wealth of bestowal which sprang from unbounded enthusiasm. This fullness of expression, which contrasts sharply with the repression and selectiveness of the classical architecture, is to be explained in part by the liberty that was allowed the workman—for each workman wished his own thoughts to be made a part of the record of the great stone book, but quite as much by that desire to express the whole of life to which we have referred above. It bespoke the ruddy, vigorous nature of the northern peoples, their interest in life, their hold upon it. Yet if the Gothic remains suggest confusion and extravagance when viewed too closely, when viewed at a proper distance they appear symphonic, each individual note merged in the complex music of the whole.

A fifth characteristic is the nature element. In its larger and sterner aspects the Gothic has the feel of the elements, because it is the work of a race who focused and defined in the compass of the human spirit the tides and motions of the outer world. In decorative detail the forms of vegetation are largely employed, because the workman, thrown upon his own

resources, turned for his designs to the gardens and the hedgerows which he loved. The delicacy and tenderness with which such detail is wrought show how keen was his observation and how sensitive his feeling.

A final characteristic is grotesqueness. Sometimes the grotesque is used in a spirit of pure playfulness, to add a bit of comedy to the book, like the grimacing faces on the pendants of the chapter room at York, or the obscene figures of monks and nuns in many a good-natured bit of satire. Sometimes it arises from the attempt to picture those things which terrify the imagination, mythical creatures of air and earth and sea which lie in wait for man. Sometimes it results from the vain effort to express in visible form conceptions which are beyond the power of the struggling mind to compass.

Savageness, incompleteness, variety, profuseness, naturalness, grotesqueness, such in brief are the characteristics of the Gothic architecture. Moreover, these qualities are deep-seated, racial, for the architecture was communal, and therefore expressed the universal mind of the north.

Such being the case, in proportion as the qualities thus expressed in the great stone books written with the chisel, remained dominant in the national life and in the life of the individual, we should expect to find them in those later books written with the pen. That we do find them supreme in the next great outburst of creative genius, it is now my aim to show.

At first blush it may be thought that the conditions under which the drama was produced were so different from the conditions that maintained in the building of the cathedrals, that comparison must be quite artificial, for, as we have seen, the cathedrals were the product of the entire community, the plays, of a few individuals. But the objection is more apparent than real, for it must be remembered that the plays were dependent upon public appeal, and doubtless reflected most faithfully the popular taste. Thus one must never forget in studying Shakespeare that he kept his eye constantly on the public and was very sensitive to changes in taste. The sequential changes from one type of play to another that one observes when he reads the plays chronologically, were dic-

tated, not so much by changes in the dramatist's own spiritual life, as by fresh demands on the part of the public.

During the period that intervened between the days of the cathedral builders and the days of the Elizabethan dramatists, a great modification had of course taken place in the intellectual life of England, as of all Europe: the classical world had been recovered. But the sturdy native spirit of sixteenth century England was able to preserve itself even against the fascination and the authority of the ancients. English education was, to be sure, under the domination of the classics, but though the classics alone were thus turned into channels of education, the popular taste was too robust to be satisfied with the ancient literature, and found its satisfaction rather in the old romances and in those numerous collections of realistic and romantic tales of Italian, French, and Spanish origin, tales by Boccaccio, Cinthio, Bandello, and George de Montemayor, that, for those not able to read them in the original, early found their way into Elizabethan anthologies. And certainly readers were not lacking for the many books and pamphlets, such as Raleigh's "Discoverie of Guiana," that dealt with voyages and the strange life in new lands.

Now the sturdy Elizabethan drama, obedient to the native taste, remained true to the racial conceptions of art. Not that it held to the crude drama inherited from the mediaeval city life, the mystery and morality plays, but that, while it was ready to borrow from the classics and the literature of the south, it transformed everything that it touched, and put the native stamp upon everything that it produced. Thus, it was quick to recognize the superiority of the Latin comedies of Plautus and Terence, comedies of situation and of manners, with such characters as the penurious pantaloon, the spendthrift son, the resourceful parasite, the conniving courtesan, the braggart soldier, and the shrewish wife, but from "Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gammer Gurton's Needle" to the last play that clung to the boards while the Puritans were battering at the doors, there was scarcely a play of the Latin type that does not have the feel of England; the characters are English characters, and social atmosphere is the atmosphere of England.

The Elizabethan drama was quick to see the possibilities in the enchanting fields of romance that lay about it, Celtic fairy lore, tales of knights and their gestic, the colorful love stories of the late Greek romances, the tales of classical mythology, pastoral romances imitated from Theocritus, vivid Italian tales of love and exploit, the breathless stories of the freshly landed sailor or explorer, but all of this material, when submitted to the crucible, came forth transformed.

We shall now see, then, in how far the characteristics of the Gothic art are the characteristics of the Elizabethan drama as revealed in Shakespeare.

If a Roman familiar with the practice of his native stage could have been translated to an Elizabethan playhouse, the aspect of the plays that would have surprised him most would doubtless have been the variety of episodes, situations and characters packed into one play. If the play were a comedy of intrigue or of manners, he would recognize certain familiar situations and he would also find certain characters more or less familiar to him. But he would be surprised at the number of characters employed, at the scenes introduced purely for diversion, and at little minor plots that ran along more or less parallel to the main plot, but often only slenderly connected with it. Thus if he had chanced to attend a performance of "The Comedy of Errors," he would have detected the familiar plot of the "Menecmi" of Plautus, wherein two brothers, who looked so much alike that they could not be told apart, after years of separation found themselves in the same city. But he would have been astonished at the daring ingenuity of the writer, who not only made the two brothers alike, but their two servants as well, thus increasing the possibilities for confusion not by arithmetical, but by geometrical proportion. Again, he would have been surprised at the allowance made for the nonsensical antics of these servants. Moreover, he would have wondered at the introduction of a romance of adventure in the persons of the father and mother of the brothers, who, after a separation of half a life time, due to shipwreck, discover one another in the closing scene of the play, incidentally saving the father from a sentence of death placed upon him in the opening scene. Nor would this Roman

spectator have been any less surprised at the interweaving of a love situation, wherein the one brother falls in love at first sight with the sister of the other brother's wife. Romance of adventure, love romance, pure buffoonery, all thrown for good measure into a play that had already out-Plautused Plautus by greatly increasing the opportunities for confusion. Now why did Shakespeare introduce such variety into this one play? Simply because he and his public liked it. They wanted any given work of art to afford the maximum number of sensations. They felt that the time to weep and the time to laugh, the time to mourn and the time to dance, the time to love and the time to hate, were one and the same time.

Similar variety is to be found in every one of the plays, be it comedy, history or tragedy; one need only make a mental survey of the plays to see how uniformly this canon is observed in Elizabethan art. Thus, "The Merchant of Venice" has for its main plot a love situation, but this is reinforced by another love plot of a more romantic type, and relieved by a sensational plot that constantly hovers on the verge of tragedy. In addition, one scene is given over to the buffoonery of two inimitable clowns, a blind old father and a scandalous son. Think for a moment of the sequence of brilliant and highly differentiated scenes that the play presents: the easy mingling of gentlemen upon a Venetian street; scenes where lovers stake all upon the chances of a casket; the sound of the lute, the tripping of masquers, the stealing away of a bride; an irate Jew ranting through the streets, stung by the loss of his ducats and his daughter; a court scene of brilliant resource; and a final romantic scene at an Italian palace, with all the witchery of youth and love and moonlit banks. Or think of the variety that is secured in a delicate fantasy like "A Midsummer Night's Dream:" love scenes; scenes where fairies dance to airy music; scenes given over to the antics of clownish dolts; and scenes where lovers and fairies and clowns are woven into one playful distraction. Or think of "The Tempest" with its novelties: a shipwreck, a masque, an orgy of drunken sailors, and all the revelations of a wizard's wand.

But why weary the reader with such slow enumerations that flag far behind his own imagination as it flashes through

the plays! Enough that we appreciate how consistently the Elizabethans manifested the fondness of their forbears for ever-changing variety.

The plays also observe to a degree that profuseness, that fullness of utterance, which was a consistent principle in all Gothic art. Just as in the cathedrals the motif of the main transepts was sometimes repeated in smaller transepts thrown out farther to the west, or the design of the great towers was echoed in many a smaller tower or turret, or wave after wave of profuse ornamentation swept across the whole decorated front of a facade, so in the plays of Shakespeare a dominant motif is frequently emphasized and enforced by repetition. Thus in "The Merchant of Venice" the love motif of the main plot, the love of Bassanio and Portia, is repeated in the love of the supporting characters, Gratiano and Nerissa, and in the love of Lorenzo and Jessica in the secondary plot; in "As You Like It" the love motif so charmingly developed in the amours of Orlando and Rosalind reverberates pleasantly in the loves of Oliver and Celia, of Silvius and Phoebe, of Touchstone and Audrey; and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the troubles that the mortals experience in their affairs are paralleled by the quarrel of the king and queen of the fairies.

In the tragedies this repetition is employed to give the full measure of horror to the dominant motif, just as one is made more sensible of the soaring majesty of the western tower of Ely by first observing the tower of the Galilean porch. Thus in "King Lear" the treachery of Edmund is to accentuate the horrible inhumanity of Goneril and Regan, and the suffering of Gloucester to accentuate the colossal suffering of the hero. As Dowden has justly observed: "The treachery of Edmund, and the torture to which Gloucester is subjected, are out of the course of familiar experience; but they are commonplace and prosaic in comparison with the inhumanity of the sisters and the agony of Lear. When we have climbed the steep ascent of Gloucester's mount of passion, we see still above us another *via dolorosa* leading to that

Wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured,

to which Lear is chained. Thus the one story of horror

serves as a means of approach to the other, and helps us to conceive its magnitude. The two, as Schlegel observes, produce the impression of a great commotion in the moral world. The thunder which breaks over our heads does not suddenly cease to resound, but is reduplicated, multiplied, and magnified, and rolls away with long reverberation."

Now just as the endless detail and repetition in the architecture all contribute to a comprehensive unity, so that viewed at a proper distance a structure invariably appears harmonious and complete, so the finer of Shakespeare's plays are symphonic, every character and every episode contributing to a noble completeness, even the ludicrous motifs that at close range strike harshly upon the ear resolving themselves into a noble congruity. "As You Like It" is a charming symphony in lighter vein, the theme of which is the simple life. Two gentle lovers bred at court but forced by circumstance to take to the forest, an exiled group of courtiers who live a Robin Hood life, affected pastoral lovers, borrowed from a pastoral romance, a group of plain country bumpkins, a droll fool, a civet-laden dandy, a misanthrope, all contribute to working out the thesis that simplicity is not a matter of externals, of station or of environment, but is conditioned upon the inner life; that it consists in an equipoise of mind and heart, and a proper adjustment to the world. With infinitely delicate satire Shakespeare disposes of the claim to reality of the nonsensical pastoralism of romance, shows up the actual stupidity and vulgarity of untutored country dolts, exposes the hollow satisfactions of globe trotting, and demonstrates that he who would enter into the life of nature and be purified by its companionship, must take the heart of nature with him to the woods and fields. Without going into further details to show how this fine harmony is secured, the manner in which the part of Touchstone, who is one of the gargoyles of the play, is made to contribute to the unity of the general theme, may be taken as characteristic. Touchstone is the official satirist of the comedy, and his special office is to expose the absurdity of pastoralism. Thus, no sooner has Silvius finished telling Corin of his passion, than Touchstone lapses into reminiscent mood and details the tender history of his wooing of Jane Smile with

the peascod. With like mock gravity he encourages Corin, the aged shepherd, to give his notions of life, and then sagely brands him as a "natural" philosopher. He grieves that Audrey knows nothing of Ovid, the poet of shepherds, and when Rosalind discovers the verses of Orlando, written after the conventional models, he reels off an unblushing burlesque that strips love down to its primitive instincts. Thus is it that this clown, apparently introduced to amuse, by "pricking romantic extravagance with the rough-hewn bolts of his dry brain," actually does make an important contribution to this play symphony.

I need not dwell further upon this aspect of the plays since it has become so familiar through the studies of such scholars as Ulrici, Gervinus, Moulton and Dowden.

Upon the decline of cathedral building, the craving for the ludicrous was satisfied by the mystery and morality plays, and thus the grotesque was brought in an unbroken tradition to the Elizabethan stage. The dramatist might complain of the low taste of the groundlings who could ill abide the serious plot in their greed for the antics of the clown, but he did not venture to leave buffoonery out of his play. Shakespeare indulged this fondness for the ludicrous to the full and, beginning with *Armad*, "mighty potentate of nonsense" and *Holofernes* and *Nathaniel*, "prodigious specimens of learned vocabules," in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," and ending with *Ariel*, creature of air and fire, and *Caliban*, "gnome and savage, half demon and half brute," in "*The Tempest*," created grotesques with unfailing resource. What cathedral was ever so rich in grotesques as these plays of Shakespeare's: The mischief loving Puck, prankster of the English hearth; Bottom, donkeyism humanized; Launce, unbridled whimsicality; Malvolio, cross-gartered and cross-grained; Sir Andrew, spindle-legged and spindleheaded, a very dog at a catch; Sir Toby, madcap rowdy and toper; Falstaff, exuberant mountain of flesh and prince of bluffers; Dogberry, apotheosis of pompous officialdom, with whom comparisons would indeed be odorous; and the list is but begun.

Nor did Shakespeare confine his grotesques to these playful offshoots of fancy, for in the tragedies he employs the terrible grotesque with consummate art. Who has not shuddered

at the drunken jargon of the porter, in the fearful moment that awaits the murder of Duncan; at the brutal jesting of the grave diggers, the skull of Yorick resting on the fresh-turned sod; or at the mumblings of the faithful fool of Lear, soul of pathos in the rags of motley, launching waifs of truth into the horror of the night, while the terrible tempest flashes and thunders without, and within thunders and flashes the tempest of a breaking mind!

Equally in line with the Gothic tradition is Shakespeare's use of nature. Here are flowers, observed with the tenderness of the Gothic sculptors, and lovingly woven into the structure of the plays; sometimes bright clusters of flowers, as in the songs; sometimes a single flower that articulates an emotion else unvoiced: "pansies, that's for thoughts." Again, as in the cathedrals one feels the kinship of the elements, so there is scarcely a play but reveals the harmony existing between the works of nature and the passions of men. In the fantasies the thoughts of men become embodied in nature's forms, as Prospero creates his magic world with Ariel, a creature of the elements, as the ministrant of his wishes; in the comedies, a beautiful and healthy kinship exists between nature and man, as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the enchantment of the moonlit night is the reflex of the mystery of love; while in the tragedies, there ever seems to be a dark and malevolent conspiracy between the powers of nature without and the powers of the spirit within. The foulness of Macbeth's unholy ambition finds its reflex in the foulness of the day; and the tumult in the spirit of Lear is invited, and then accompanied, by the wild tumult that reverberates through the heavens.

There is a curious analogy between the physical incompleteness of some of the cathedrals and the incompleteness that one feels in certain of the plays. Just as the cathedral builders did not see the end of their work from the beginning and therefore often introduced features out of harmony with the ultimate design and that remain as interesting anomalies, or as they changed the character of a structure after the work was well under way, so Shakespeare in the haste of production, writing against time, allowed incongruities to remain embedded in the plays, or changed the bent of a play as the writing progressed. Thus in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" Julia

unadvisedly delivers to Sylvia a letter that was apparently from the faithless Proteus to Julia; now this letter would naturally be used in exposing the profligacy of Proteus, but as the writing of the play advanced Shakespeare evidently forgot about this letter and therefore made no further use of it, allowing the episode to remain in the play as a false lead. Hamlet, again, gives evidence of a partial reworking of the character of the hero from an earlier play; if Shakespeare had taken time to complete the revision of the character along the lines that he established as the writing of the play progressed, the conflicting impressions that the character now gives might well have been obviated.

But as the real incompleteness of the cathedrals is the consciousness of the incompleteness of life itself, so in Shakespeare we feel this same incompleteness, this same passion to express the totality of life and to fathom its mystery. The poet directs our eyes down many a vista, but he does not say what we would ultimately find, had we the opportunity or the power to traverse it. Each play prompts its own puzzling and not-to-be-answered questions. Thus, what of Lear? "What of suffering humanity that wanders from the darkness into light and from the light into the darkness? Lear is grandly passive-played upon by all the manifold sources of nature and of society. And though he is in part delivered from his imperious self-will, and learns, at last, what true love is, and that it exists in the world, Lear passes away from our sight, not in any mood of resignation or faith or illuminated peace, but in a piteous agony of yearning for that love which he had found only to lose forever. Does Shakespeare mean to contrast the pleasure in a demonstration of spurious affection in the first scene with the agonized cry for real love in the last scene, and does he wish us to understand that the true gain from the bitter discipline of Lear's old age was precisely this—his acquiring a supreme need of what is best, though a need which finds, so far as we can learn, no satisfaction?"

"We guess at the spiritual significance of the great tragic facts of the world, but, after our guessing, their mysteriousness remains."²

It is the dark brooding of the Germanic mind in the pres-

² Dowden, *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art*, 242-3.

ence of the mystery of life, and, as students of philology know, a thousand years had not changed it.

It remains to speak of Shakespeare's savageness. The eighteenth century writers upon Shakespeare had been thoroughly schooled to classical standards of taste, but the abler of them, though sensitive to the faults of the poet, were yet alive to his genius. They may have erred in being over-precise in their judgments, but they at least escaped the extravagant and uncritical adulation of the romanticists who followed them. Indeed, I am not sure but the ultimate judgment will prefer Pope and Johnson to Schlegel and Coleridge as critics. The truth undoubtedly lies between the attitudes of these two schools, but our present inclination to regard a play as a *play*, is but a recurrence to the attitude of the eighteenth century scholars.

Be the final estimate of these scholars what it may, they had been long enough schooled in the principles of a regulated literary art to detect the rudeness of Shakespeare. We may differ in our notions of the artistic merit of the savage element in Shakespeare, but we can have little inclination to quarrel with their insistence that it is there. "The work of a correct and regular writer," says Johnson, "is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air; interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals."³

Even more apposite to my thesis is the concluding paragraph in Pope's introduction to his edition: "I will conclude by saying of Shakespeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his Drama, one may look upon his works, in

³ Nichol Smith, *Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*, 135.

comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestik piece of Gothic Architecture, compar'd with a neat Modern building. The latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allow'd that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the Whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the Parts are childish, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur."⁴

Every reader of "Hamlet" or of "King Lear" must have felt the rude strength, the vehemence, with which the material is handled. The characters and situations seem to be torn from life and thrown into place, as the eager workman tore the rude rocks from their sleep amidst the hills and reared them into walls, and the towering spectacle of the play rises before our amazed eyes, thrusts itself far into the heavens, and frowns upon the pettiness of our dull world. Or if we look rather at the execution of the detail than of the mass, we see the chisel hurrying on with its fierce, bold strokes to relieve the overcharged mind which drives it.

Shakespeare was, indeed, a true child of the north. In him the spirit of the Gothic builders was reincarnate, reincarnate because it was more than the spirit of these builders,—it was the spirit of a race. It pushes with grand assurance down into the very Renaissance, and claims the poet for its own. Through him it speaks afresh, and makes its lasting appeal to the modern man.

It would, indeed, be interesting to follow this Gothic spirit down through the centuries, to see it searching here and there and placing its hand upon the men whom it would claim. We should see it touch the shoulder of Carlyle, and then see it engrave itself upon the lines of his noble face, as through the passing years he wrought in its manner. We should see it touch Browning, and then behold "The Ring and The Book," that supreme modern expression of the Gothic, taking shape in the very heart of the culture of the south. And if we could look through the years to come, doubtless we should still see it brooding here and there, and building grandly as of old.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 62.

Disraeli's Doctrine of Toryism

ROLAND HUGINS
Cornell University

Early in his parliamentary career Benjamin Disraeli, speaking in defense of the Chartists, declared, "the aristocracy are the natural leaders of the people, for the aristocracy and the laboring population form the nation." Later in the same year, 1840, he wrote in a letter to Charles Atwood, "I entirely agree with you that a union between the Conservative party and the Radical masses offers the only means by which we can preserve the Empire. Their interests are identical; united they form the nation."

Disraeli stood as Tory candidate for Buckingham in 1847. Addressing the electors of the county he said: "In the great struggle between popular principles and liberal opinions, which is characteristic of our age, I hope ever to be found on the side of the people, and of the Institutions of England. . . . It is unnecessary for me to state that I shall support all those measures, the object of which is to elevate the moral and social condition of the Working Classes, by lessening their hours of toil,—by improving their means of health—and by cultivating their intelligence."

These passages indicate the characteristic political philosophy of the Jewish adventurer who became prime minister of England and Earl of Beaconsfield. To his contemporaries the doctrine of a natural affinity between the privileged classes and the working masses seemed a bit fanciful, and even the name its author gave it, Popular, or Democratic, Toryism, was thought to hide a paradox. Yet this idea was the inspiration and secret of Disraeli's extraordinary career. It appears, in one guise or another, in his novels, his speeches in Commons, and his public acts. To the end he went on the theory that workingmen are naturally conservative, and his judgment was strikingly vindicated in a number of instances, notably in the election of 1874. His own sympathy for and faith in the people was genuine and active. It did not confine itself to spoken pledges or to protests against the miseries of toilers such

as are found in *Sybil*, "the sincerest of his novels," but found embodiment in Factory Acts and the Reform Bill of 1867. He further maintained that property and privilege could be justified only by the disinterested performance of public duty. He himself assumed prerogatives of the aristocrat. Though party leader and opportunist, he never lacked the higher courage which marks the statesman, the courage really to lead, and at times to defy, even at risk of personal elimination, both his colleagues and his constituents.

Democratic Toryism was a creed and a constructive program. At the same time it was a protest. It was introduced by Disraeli as a revolt from the Toryism of reaction and stagnation, against that perverted view which regards the Conservative party as the instrument of a propertied class and a brake on all progress. Even more sharply did his political doctrine make Disraeli dissent from the middle-class Liberalism which dominated in his day, and still does to a large extent. He contrasted popular principles with liberal opinions. By the former he meant respect for precedent and antiquity, the maintenance of institutions, the interests of the poor, the liberties of the people, and the harmony of classes. By liberal opinions he meant the whole philosophy of the bourgeoisie. He had a strong distaste for a government of moral abstractions, or a society run by the rules of political economy. He shared Burke's intolerance of "*a priori* systems of politics," and "new constitutions on the abstract principles of theoretic science." Whiggism, he thought, for all its talk about progress and human welfare, resulted in an unimaginative compromise between the economic interests of various classes, leavened by a few sentimentalities in policy. Of this he would have none. To it he opposed his idealized Toryism, aiming at the co-operation of all the Estates of the Realm, as a surer engine of progress and a truer symbol of the social structure.

II

What then is a conservative, and what does he wish to conserve? At the present time in America, with an arrogant radicalism aggressive in politics and ascendent in published discussion, conservatism is painted in unflattering colors. The radical, who wants to proceed rapidly, is not contrasted with

the conservative, who wishes to proceed slowly. The conservative is depicted rather as one who does not wish to move forward at all—a "standpatter," or as one determined to move backward,—a reactionary. The conservative party is "the stupid party," the party of immobility, without a program or an aspiration, manned by the holders of privilege seeking to perpetuate their advantage, the tool of Big Money and predatory business. Conservatives are conceived as desperately struggling to preserve the *status quo*; changelessness is their one idea; they would, in the phrase of Paul Louis Courier, have besought the Creator, on the day of creation to preserve chaos.

Such a picture is of course a caricature. It has been sketched for us by progressives making capital out of an enemy's mistakes. Nevertheless, even when current political thought purports to be impartial it carries this same insinuation of self-interest. The possessing classes are assumed to be inevitably conservative. The less prosperous strata of society are instinctively in an attitude of opposition. This view, it must be admitted, holds an element of truth. Conservatism tends to relapse into a policy of reaction, just as radicalism threatens constantly to drift into demagoguery. May it not be that conservatism in America has stultified itself by seeming to represent vested interests? Disraeli attributed the success of Liberalism in his day to the collapse of conservative principles. His party had deserted its historic traditions, and proved false to "the original and genuine character of Toryism." It had fused its interests with those of a class, the landed gentry. But Disraeli understood by conservatism a temper of mind and a way of thinking, not class selfishness.

He was, that is to say, of the species which may be called the philosophic conservative, a species more numerous than may upon the surface appear. The conservative bias inclines a man to an historical interpretation of society. He does not wish to preserve the past but to guide progress by the light of the past. He is hospitable to all reforms looking to the improvement of the human lot, but he is skeptical of schemes which promise sudden or vast changes in conduct. He thinks in terms of persons rather than in formulas and catchwords,

and he has a sense of what can and what cannot be done through legislation. Usually he stands obdurately against attempts to make men good by authority, since he knows that these experiments, tried a thousand times, have deprived men of liberty and left their nature unimproved. He distrusts doctrinaire reasoning and easy solutions in human affairs, for he has a notion of the complexity of the problems, and the need of humility in approaching them. Such a man does not seek to halt the car of progress. He resembles the careful chauffeur who refuses to plunge down every road which shows a specious signpost, but selects both his route and speed with some care. Do we find the rate of progress retarded or accelerated when a man of this conservative temper gets actually into control of affairs? Say, a Beaconsfield, a Chatham,—or a Hamilton?

III

Possibly racial inheritance was responsible in part for Disraeli's conservative bent. "All is race," he declared. In the long struggles of a career which finally found "Dizzy" the best beloved of English ministers and one of the most powerful statesmen in Europe, nothing hampered him more than the prejudice aroused by his Jewish origin. But he never showed shame for his blood; he wore the stigma like a plume. In *Tancred* he wrote of the Jews: "They are a living and most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine of modern times, the natural equality of man. . . . Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy."

This idea of a natural aristocracy lies at the centre of Disraeli's political beliefs, and gives to them their inner significance. He never, it is true, revealed precisely whom he meant by "the natural leaders of the people." At one time they are prefigured by the Throne, at another by the country gentlemen, at another by the Peers and Commons. Much of Disraeli's political theory lies embedded in vague romanticism; his thought does not show the logical clarity of Plato or the speculative precision of Burke. His philosophy of society must be dug out of his novels and speeches and pieced to-

gether, and even when so disclosed must owe something to interpretation. His official biographers, Monypenny and Buckle, have rendered in this direction an admirable service. Yet the doctrine of Democratic Toryism is none the less valuable because it never was reduced by its author to a logical system. When viewed broadly and pushed a bit beyond its literal forms, it takes on aspects of universality.

A few quotations from widely different chapters of Disraeli's utterance will serve to make clear his theory of aristocracy,—always remembering that he never erected phrases into idols. He contended that it is the first duty of the holders of power "to lead, to guide, and to enlighten; to soften vulgar prejudices and to dare to encounter popular passion." Again he says, "The liberty of England rests on the fact that there is a class which bids defiance alike to despots and to mobs, and round which the people can always rally." The leaders must be disinterested, and in *Coningsby* he inclines to the view that such leadership can be supplied only by the King. "The only way to terminate what, in the language of the present day, is called Class Legislation, is not to trust power to classes. . . . The only power which has no class sympathy is the Sovereign." It is an interesting commentary on this declaration that Disraeli, when he had come to supreme power, made no effort to restore the prerogatives of the Crown. He did better, he governed England himself. And the result of his administration was to give a tremendous impetus to popular rule.

The democracy which Popular Toryism contemplated was not of the leveling and destructive sort, but elevating and constructive. The aristocracy must be broadly recruited. A career open to talent would insure a healthy selective process. "The aristocracy of England absorbs all other aristocracies, and receives every man in every order and class who defers to the principle of our society, which is to aspire and to excel." This lifting process is again emphasized in *A Vindication of the English Constitution*. The aristocracy and the ruling orders, Disraeli says, "however highly privileged, are invested with no quality of exclusion; and the Peers and Commons of England are the trustees of the nation, not its masters. The country where legislative and even executive office may be constitu-

tionally obtained by every subject of the land is a democracy, and a democracy of the noblest character." Emerson put the same thing epigrammatically: "English history is aristocracy with the doors open."

What Disraeli aimed at, then, was quite literally the rule of the best. His aristocracy, ultimately, would be chosen by selection, drawing into itself all who had claims to distinction. On the plateau of power any man might walk who proved his worth. The aristocracy, the leaders of the people, the elite,—these were to be identical.

IV

A union between aristocrats of quality, born to the hereditary service of the state, and the laboring masses does not appear fantastic. Men who are high-minded, sensitive in feeling, above personal or class aggrandizement, and filled with a sense of public duty, have by nature a sympathy with the heavy-laden and the disinherited. Such a sympathy was vital in Disraeli. Looking about him and back over English history he was convinced that the poor had always fared well at the hands of the privileged and powerful. This conviction was shared by the enthusiastic Cambridge men who joined him in the Young England movement. For did not the Tory gentry understand the needs of their working people, and had they not exercised from ancient time a kindly supervision? Young England proposed to bring "back joy to the sombre and monotonous lives of the laboring poor" and to restore "the harmony between classes that had been one of the characteristics of the 'Merrie England' of the past." Somewhat idyllic, this sentiment, but not without fruit. Disraeli found among the haughty Tories more insight into the conditions and needs of the industrial population, more readiness to make legislative concessions to them, than among the canting and prosperous middle class.

That this sympathy would be reciprocated by the laboring man Disraeli never for a moment doubted. He expected harmony and co-operation between classes; he usually referred to the Tory as the "national" party. The goal was not mere patrician condescension, typified by county gentlemen giving largess at the doors of baronial halls. The centre and circum-

ference of the social order were to be united by mutual respect and by identity of political views. "Of all men, workingmen should be most conservative. It is no light thing to belong to a nation where liberty and order co-exist in the highest degree." (Speech after returning from Berlin.) "I believe, the wider the popular suffrage, the more powerful would be the natural aristocracy." (*The Spirit of Whiggism*.) The people, he thought, would recognize and follow their true leaders. The masses are at least good judges of men. Their discriminations are native and sure; they do not wear the blinders which obscure the vision of the phrase-ridden bourgeoisie. Disraeli as usual compressed his faith into an epigram: "Truth after all is the sovereign passion of mankind."

Of course a political alliance such as Democratic Torism projected had a practical aim and a fighting purpose. It marshalled its forces against the arch-enemy, Liberalism. It was Liberalism which put political economy above patriotism, and humanitarianism above human nature; it was Liberalism which had capitulated to the cash standards and uninspired ideals of the employing and commercial classes; it was Liberalism which had betrayed the people and exploited their passions with plausible catchwords. All that was distasteful to Disraeli the social philosopher and man might be summed up in the word mediocrity. He warned his country against a decline of statesmanship and the suppression of genius. "Instead of these you will have a horde of selfish and obscure mediocrities, incapable of anything but mischief, and that mischief devised and regulated by the raging demagogue of the hour." His conception of both the rights and duties of aristocracy was stiffish. The ruling orders were to be conscious of their worth and bold to assume their privileges, bolstered by all the props of prescription and dressed out in the pomp of power and position. He never indulged in maudlin talk about governors being merely instruments and servants of the people. The rulers were to rule and the leaders to take the initiative. Government was an active and inspiring principle, the essence of the State. "The feudal system may have worn out, but its main principle—that the tenure of property should be the fulfillment of duty, is the essence of good government. The

divine right of kings may have been a plea for feeble tyrants, but the divine right of government is the keystone of human progress, and without it governments sink into police, and a nation is degraded into a mob."

V

The letter of the Disraelian doctrine may be disregarded, but the spirit is permanently important. There is something in the ethics of this higher Toryism which powerfully grips the imagination, and appeals to the historical sense. In reality the doctrine is not new, for it has been followed consciously in many a national polity. In Rome a patrician party frequently put itself at the head of the plebeians. During the feudal ages King and Commonalty often combined against the nobles. In Germany state socialism has found its strongest ally in the aristocratic agrarian party; the opposition is the National Liberals. In England the masses owe the slow amelioration of their lot as much to Tory leaders like Ashley, Beaconsfield, Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and their supporters, as to their own efforts.

Nothing, it is probable, would so clear the American political air as a sturdy reassertion of conservative principles, and a rehabilitation of the conservative party under great leadership. At present conservatism has allowed itself to be swamped by an amateurish progressivism. Outside of a few eminent champions like Mr. Root, enlightened Toryism stands dumb and voiceless. We do not even know where conservatism of the better sort lies in this country: how much among the laborers, the farmers, the professional men. There is reason to suppose, from both American tradition and character, that a conservative party of principle would find a vast following. But it has been long years since it has heard a clear rallying call.

Obviously we have little approaching to a natural aristocracy in America. There is no landed gentry or propertied class which regards itself as the backbone of the state. There are few if any great families of ability whose members consecrate themselves to the service of the state and stand ready at all times to defy despotism, "whether exercised by an indi-

vidual or a mob." Our selective forces for bringing the best men into public life appear ineffective; indeed as a class the intellectual elite openly and unashamedly avoid politics. The creation of a natural aristocracy of genuine leadership is one of the deeper problems of American democracy. We have followed the democracy of Jefferson and it has given us a disguised plutocracy. Whether we shall have the courage to return to the republicanism of Hamilton remains a question.

Mark Twain

EDWIN W. BOWEN

Professor of Latin in Randolph-Macon College

Mark Twain's authorized biography by Albert Bigelow Paine represents him as a great humorist, a philosopher, a wise critic of life and the foremost American writer of his day. There is no doubt that Mark Twain was the most popular author that America has so far produced, for no other American author's writings have ever approached the enormous sales of Mark Twain's books. The sales of his first important book, *Innocents Abroad*, were unprecedented, reaching the 100,000 limit within three years after its publication; and some of his other books did not lag far behind this record. No other American has ever reaped such a golden harvest from his prolific pen. But whether Mark Twain will continue the most popular author of American literature, it remains for time alone to determine. At present, more than five years after his death, his star shows no indication of waning brilliance and his vogue is as universal as during his lifetime. The reason for this lies in the universal appeal of his writings.

Though Mark Twain is generally conceded to be the greatest American humorist and, for the matter of that, to rank among the first humorists of the world, still he rather resented the estimate of himself as a mere humorist and was by no means content to be simply thus regarded by his friends and admirers. "I shall never be accepted seriously over my own signature," he remarked in the preface to his *Joan of Arc*, by way of apology for its anonymous publication. "People always want to laugh over what I write and are disappointed if they don't find a joke."

Nor, indeed, was Mark Twain a mere humorist. It is true that as a humorist he first made a name for himself, and it was the humorous side of his nature that appealed most widely to the world. Yet Clemens was unquestionably a moralist and a sage also; and he availed himself of his gift of humor to enforce and drive home his moral teaching. The fact is, he entertained a genuine and profound contempt for all sham

and cant, for all illusion and affectation. Nothing more deeply stirred his indignation than pretence, injustice and wrong. As he advanced in life this characteristic of Mark Twain's became all the more pronounced; and he waged an unwearied crusade with all the earnestness of his moral nature against the various forms of injustice and oppression. Witness the zeal and ardor with which he championed the movement for the reform of the municipal government of New York as well as his vigorous protest against King Leopold's atrocities in the Congo and England's treatment of the Boers in South Africa. During the latter part of his life Clemens really became more and more a moralist. His biographer records of him in this matter, after his return from his tour around the world: "He (Clemens) was no longer essentially a story-teller. He had become more than ever a moralist and a sage. Having seen all the world and deeply suffered at its hands, he sat down now as in a seat of judgment, regarding the passing show and recording his philosophies." And further on Mr. Paine adds: "A newer generation was willing to herald Mark Twain as a sage as well as a humorist, and on occasion to quite overlook the cap and bells." So much by way of introduction.

I

Mark Twain is a shining example of that distinctive American type—a self-made man. He never enjoyed the advantages of a college education. He was a product of the Middle West, having first greeted the light of day in a small Missouri hamlet, Florida, in 1835. The rudiments of his education he acquired in the neighboring village school at Hannibal. At thirteen he was apprenticed to the printer's trade which he prosecuted diligently, first in his own locality and afterward in the East, working his way as a journeyman printer. But the dream of his youth was to see life on a steamboat on the Mississippi, and in 1851 he came into the realization of his ambition as a cub pilot. This passing whim gratified, he located in Nevada as the private secretary to his brother who had been appointed Secretary of the Territory of Nevada. While here Mark Twain found employment as a reporter on a local newspaper for a time and then engaged in an unsucces-

ful mining adventure. The rover next found his way to San Francisco where he again secured work as a reporter on a local paper; and in this capacity he visited the Sandwich Islands, spending six months on the trip.

Mark Twain's frontier life abounded in adventure and excitement of a varied sort. Before leaving his native State of Missouri he followed the checkered life of a Confederate soldier, but his heart not being enlisted in this cause, his career as a Confederate was soon ended. In Virginia City, while serving on the staff of the local *Enterprise*, he met Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne), then at the zenith of his fame, and the two humorists became boon companions. With the encouragement Artemus Ward gave him, Clemens decided to extend his audience eastward and was soon writing sketches for the New York Sunday *Mercury*. It was during those Bohemian days in '64 and '65 that Mark Twain made the acquaintance of Bret Harte, being associated with him on the staff of the *Californian*, then the leading paper of San Francisco. Those were the days when the incident of the famous "Jumping Frog" story actually took place. It is interesting to observe in passing that the tale of that wonderful Calaveras frog originally appeared under the title "Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog" in the *Saturday Post* of November 18, 1865. As Paine records, this story brought the name of Mark Twain across the mountains, bore it up and down the Atlantic coast and out over the prairies of the Middle West.

Mark Twain now conceived the idea of going upon the lecture platform. His maiden lecture, "The Sandwich Islands," which proved a complete success, was delivered in San Francisco. The story of this first lecture is detailed in *Roughing It*, that entertaining book describing frontier life in those days. After a successful lecture tour extending through his former happy hunting ground in Nevada, Clemens decided to make a trip to New York by ship, but not the old prairie schooner. He was eager to visit that metropolis again after an absence of thirteen years; but he stopped only long enough to arrange for the publication of his book of sketches including his celebrated "Jumping Frog" and then left for St. Louis to visit his old friends and relatives. In St. Louis he saw an announcement of the noted "Quaker City" excursion to the

Holy Land and at once wrote to his California paper, the *Alta*, proposing that the management send him on this trip as a sheer business proposition. It is to be said to the credit of this enterprising western sheet that it considered Mark Twain a sound investment and accepted his proposition, with the understanding that he should contribute weekly letters of travel to its pages. He also made a contract with the *New York Tribune* to furnish that journal occasional letters.

However, before sailing for Palestine, Mark Twain delivered to a crowded house at Cooper Institute his lecture on the Sandwich Islands and saw through the press his first book—*The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. James Russell Lowell had already pronounced the "Frog" story "the finest piece of humorous writing yet produced in America." But he could not have bestowed this word of praise upon the remaining stories that made up this small volume, for the title sketch is the sole redeeming feature of the collection, the others being of little merit and hardly mediocre.

The fifty-three letters to the *Alta* and the six letters to the *Tribune* which Clemens wrote on this trip to the Holy Land in 1867 carried the name of Mark Twain far and wide throughout America and served to establish his place as first among American humorists. It is interesting at this juncture to note how Clemens hit upon his distinctive *nom de plume*. "It was first signed to a Carson letter," says his biographer, "bearing date of February 2, 1863, and from that time was attached to all of Samuel Clemens's work." The expression is "an old river term, a leads-man's call, signifying two fathoms—twelve feet," and on the Mississippi River it always indicated to the pilot safe water. This pen-name was adopted by Clemens upon the death of Captain Sellers, an old pilot who had previously used it in his occasional letters to the *New Orleans Picayune*.

Upon Clemens's return to America he revised and re-wrote some of his letters to the press in which he had satirized the excursion party and published the collection under the happy caption *Innocents Abroad*. The book proved an immediate and marvelous success, and one year from date of its publication the sales reached the unprecedented figure of 67,000 copies. It approaches history more closely than any of Mark

Twain's travel-books except *Following the Equator*. The material for *Innocents Abroad* was collected of course on the trip, on the spot, and there was a plenty of fresh experiences and new incidents to impart to the book spontaneity. It had, too, an abundance of exaggeration and incongruity, two essential elements of humor, and was irresistibly funny and diverting. It was a burlesque Pilgrim's Progress in which the author held up to mild ridicule the sham sentiment, the sham love of art, and the sham adventures of the American globe trotter. By his extravagant burlesque and good humor as exhibited in this book Mark Twain laughed away the sentimental and romantic book of travel, as, in the phrase of Byron, "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." To be sure, he errs on the side of irreverence in his quips and jests about the saints and is too realistic and too frankly Philistine and in his effort to shock our sensibilities goes manifestly too far. Yet this was his method of combating pretence and cant.

The language of the *Innocents Abroad*, however, especially the Syrian chapters, is permeated with the poetry and legendary beauty of the sacred story. During the entire trip through the Holy Land Clemens was a constant and untiring student of the Bible narrative, not, we may rest assured, from any special love of his for the Scriptures, but to enable him to appreciate more fully the manners and customs and institutions of the country he was visiting. Incidentally, he was greatly improving his literary style, enriching and embellishing his manner of expression. It is small wonder therefore that the critics note a marked improvement in the style of the *Innocents* as compared with the author's earlier writings. But the book itself is so familiar and so universally read even today as to render it superfluous to speak in detail of its contents. Apart from the broad humor of the book, there are some fine descriptive passages in it that will always rank high as genuine literature, especially those passages dealing with Venice, Rome and the Sphinx. Where can one find a more restrained and beautiful passage, in all the voluminous literature about the Holy Land, than the final paragraph beginning: "Palestine sits in sack-cloth and ashes. Over it broods the spell of a curse that has withered its fields and fettered its energies." Etc.?

During this Mediterranean trip one incident occurred that had an important bearing on Clemens's entire subsequent life. He found a friend in a fellow passenger, Charles Langdon, and became interested in a photograph of his sister, Miss Olivia Langdon, of Elmira, New York, that beautiful character who was destined to become Clemens's companion for life. Their marriage took place in 1870 and the happy couple located in Buffalo, where Clemens engaged in newspaper work, buying a third interest in the *Buffalo Express*. From this time Clemens's nature seemed to undergo a radical change and he became entirely "de-Southernized," as Howells expressed it. Though of slave-holding stock and a quondam Confederate soldier, Clemens now became a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, a rampant abolitionist, and a champion and defender of the weak and oppressed. He was no longer a humorist simply, though humorist he still remained even to the end.

Journalism was not to Mark Twain's taste and he soon abandoned it, selling the *Express* at a considerable loss and canceling his engagement to furnish monthly articles to the *New York Galaxy*. This was no doubt the part of wisdom for his journalistic work was considerably below the standard of the *Innocents Abroad*, and was of the nature of a retrogression. He now turned his attention to the writing of *Roughing It* and changed his residence from Buffalo to Hartford, attracted thither by the congenial literary atmosphere of the place as well as by his sincere regard for his life-long friend, the Reverend Joseph Twichell, who married him and finally buried him.

No sooner had Clemens settled in Hartford in proximity to his friends, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. Stowe and other literary personages, than he projected an extensive lecturing tour with the "Reminiscences" and selections from his forthcoming book *Roughing It* featuring as his drawing cards. He reveled in the triumphs of a platform tour and soon made enough money to pay off his indebtedness. As a lecturer he was exceptionally successful, and yet he affirmed that he loathed the drudgery of the platform. Certainly it is true that from this time on he resorted to lecturing only as a ready way of making money whenever he was in straitened cir-

cumstances, and as soon as the financial burden was lifted, he retired from the platform.

Roughing It had a large advance sale, and its earnings promised to rival those of *Innocents Abroad*. Though possessing less charm than its predecessor, *Roughing It* enjoys the advantage of a wider interest, dealing as it does with life on our western frontier and narrating its author's experiences in his trip through the alkali desert to the Pacific coast. It presents a faithful picture of the overland pioneer days, when the prairie schooner was the best means of transportation. The book of course abounds in humor. Where can you find a more classic example of a humorous sketch than "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral" and the purchase of the "Mexican Plug?" The picture the book presents of those frontier conditions has all the freshness and vividness of a novel. Indeed on close analysis the book appears to be rather fiction than history anyway—a picaresque novel. It is fiction founded on fact and the author, while disregarding the truth of detail, has produced the atmosphere of those vanished times with astonishing vividness. But somehow the book failed to awaken as wide an appeal to the reading public as *Innocents Abroad*, for while the *Innocents* attained to the one hundred thousand mark in three years, it required ten years for *Roughing It* to reach that limit. Still any book which sells up to 40,000 copies within the first three months after its publication, as *Roughing It* did, cannot be held an ordinary production.

Though Hartford was his winter home, Clemens's summer home was in Elmira, New York, and here he did most of his literary work. After the publication of *Roughing It*, Clemens became keenly interested in the question of copyright,—a question in which he continued actively interested till his death. The practice of international piracy, then a recognized institution, rendered a trip to England imperative to protect his rights as an author. Accordingly, Clemens sailed for England, intending at the same time to make a study of its institutions with a view to a book he had in mind—a book, by the way, which was destined never to be written. He was received with marked cordiality and returned after a brief stay, delighted with the people and the country. On his return he wrote conjointly with Charles Dudley Warner a novel, the *Gilded Age*. Not

very long after this Clemens decided to make a prolonged visit to England, taking with him his family. On this second visit he was received with greater enthusiasm and enjoyed a succession of triumphs as a lecturer. After returning home he settled down at Quarry Farm, his summer home near Elmira, to write that marvelous boy's story, *Tom Sawyer*.

Tom Sawyer was a notable success. In it there is much thinly disguised fact growing out of Clemens's own boyhood experiences and some invention, too, such as the graveyard scene with the murder of Dr. Robinson and the adventures of Tom and Becky in the cave. Brander Matthews said of the cave incident: "I have always thought that the vision of the hand (of Indian Joe, Tom's mortal enemy) in the cave in *Tom Sawyer* was one of the very finest things in the literature of adventure since Robinson Crusoe first saw a single footprint in the sand of the sea-shore." *Tom Sawyer* is a masterpiece. It is widely read by boys—old no less than young—and will continue to be read as long as people find any pleasure in reading. No author was perhaps ever better equipped by native endowment and experience to write a book for boys than Mark Twain. For few men have ever seen the world from so many different angles or in such a variety of aspects. Moreover, his heart never grew old and his interest in young life never waned. If ever a writer understood boy nature in general, that writer was Mark Twain, and much that is recorded in his books for boys such as *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* is produced out of the author's own experiences. For these books are realistic pictures of Mark Twain's own boyhood spent in the Mississippi Valley and are redeemed by their engaging realism from the commonplace detail of boyhood and are in fact possessed of a positive value. In the characters of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* Mark Twain has presented the world with such a study of the American boy as no other author has ever approached and thus has placed us under a lasting debt of gratitude for this exceptional service to our American literature.

William Dean Howells then editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* was not slow to recognize the pecuniary value of Mark Twain as a possible contributor to the pages of his magazine, and Clemens himself had long aspired to appear in the *Atlantic*.

So Mark Twain soon enjoyed the distinction of his first appearance as the author of "A True Story" in the columns of this very select literary journal. This brief and simple story of negro slavery was the forerunner of many contributions Mark Twain henceforth was to make to the *Atlantic* as well as to several others of our leading monthlies. For it was through the *Atlantic* as a medium that Mark Twain first gave to the reading public his *Old Times on the Mississippi*, publishing it as a serial. This series of reminiscences constituted its author's best exhibit of literature up to that date and it is still as vivid and as fresh a picture of the phases of life described as if just written. On the appearance of the first instalment of the series Howells wrote Clemens: "You are doing the science of piloting splendidly. Every word interesting, and don't you drop the series till you've got every bit of anecdote and reminiscence into it."

Mark Twain's next literary undertaking of importance was a story suggested by Charlotte M. Yonge's *Prince and the Page*, in which Edward I and his cousins, Richard and Henry de Montford, are portrayed as under disguised personalities. This story made a strong appeal to Clemens's fancy; and so he conceived the idea of representing a prince as a beggar and a beggar as a prince by exchanging the infants, at some fortuitous meeting, in their cradles, so that each might come to know from experience the burdens of the other's life. Clemens set himself energetically to work out the elaboration of this conception and the result was *The Prince and the Pauper*, a story entirely unlike anything its author had done before. Here Mark Twain entered the realm of romance and worked out a fine and consistent tale in which the illusion is never sacrificed to the burlesque and through which there runs a delicate vein of humor. Some of the splendid scenes in this story deservedly rank among Mark Twain's finest work as literature,—notably the picture of Old London Bridge, the vagabond's retreat, and the jail episode, with its revelation climax. The story has a coherent plot, is carefully thought out and exhibits excellent workmanship and withal possesses a rare charm. In short, *The Prince and the Pauper* is generally rated by the critics, as it deserves to be, Mark Twain's most perfectly constructed story.

Yet many, however, were disappointed in *The Prince and the Pauper* because they failed to find a joke in it. On the other hand, some were disposed to accept the story in its entirety as a huge joke, supposing that Mark Twain had intended actually to create a chapter in English history out of his own fancy. This false interpretation or misunderstanding, needless to say, was a source of keen regret to Clemens and made him sorry that he had not published the book anonymously, as he once was inclined to do. *The Prince and the Pauper* therefore proved a disappointment to its author and at best only a qualified success.

Between the inception of this book and its completion a considerable space of time elapsed. Meanwhile Mark Twain made an extended tour of Europe, visiting various countries and spending a winter in Munich. In 1880 he published an account of that tour and of those halcyon days under the engaging title *A Tramp Abroad*. This volume was on the general plan of his first travel-book. But *A Tramp Abroad*, while highly entertaining and abounding in satire and humor, lacks the spontaneity and archness of the *Innocents Abroad*, with which it naturally invites comparison. The witty essay on the German language contained in *A Tramp Abroad* is one of Mark Twain's classic chapters of humor. It is in its author's best manner and is quite unique. The German Emperor, it is alleged, has found in this essay on his native speech an unailing source of entertainment and amusement.

Mark Twain was a man whose active brain teemed with ideas and projects—some of them very whimsical, as for instance his project to erect a monument to our first parent Adam. Clemens also undertook many enterprises, some of them to his lasting chagrin and sorrow. Of the unceasing stream of plans of one sort or another pouring through his mind many engaged his attention only for a short while, others of the nature of reform enlisted his active interest permanently. Not a few of the papers he prepared on subjects of a transitory interest were never permitted to appear in print. His biographer informs us that Clemens buried in pigeonholes many a manuscript never to be brought into the light of print. As for his strictures and criticisms Clemens is reputed to have written most of these simply to relieve his mind. One of these

unprinted papers on the matter of postage rates began with these blunt, uncomplimentary words: "Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I respect myself." One of his more serious undertakings—an excellent idea—was a collection of writings which he entitled a *Library of American Humor*. No one was better qualified to judge of the qualities of humor than Clemens and he performed the task of editing his library well.

One of Mark Twain's books that hung fire a long time, for some reason or other, was *Life on the Mississippi*. But the critical estimate of this book well repaid its author for his long-drawn-out effort and unwearied patience. For *Life on the Mississippi*, it is generally conceded by the critics, ranks among its author's highest achievements, and as one critic has expressed it, the book constitutes a literary memorial seemingly as enduring as the Mississippi itself. Somehow, this book especially commended itself to Clemens's German readers, and the German Emperor once assured its author that it was his favorite American book. *Life on the Mississippi* more than any other of its author's books served to establish and solidify foreign opinion of Mark Twain's capacity and importance as a man of letters. It bids fair to live as long in the memory of men as anything Mark Twain ever accomplished.

Mark Twain's next literary achievement was an important and pretentious volume, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, which he produced after a silence of five long years. The book was seriously enough intended as a plea or brief for human rights and human privileges and was written to show up the seamy side of the age of chivalry—how King Arthur and his spotless and valiant knights, while spending their lives in the righting of imaginary wrongs, at the same time were perpetuating a system of shocking cruelty and oppression. But, unhappily, Mark Twain, in writing the book, was inadvertently beset by his ever-present demon of the burlesque and so the lofty purpose of the *Yankee* was miserably marred. For the coarse and extravagant burlesque the author injected into the book served simply to dispel the illusion and almost destroyed the serious appeal against the wrong-doing and oppression of the age of chivalry Mark Twain designed the *Yankee* to register. The volume contains some exalted passages and with-

ering satire and was intended as a vigorous protest, but the effect is rendered nugatory by that imp of the burlesque. The result is that the *Yankee in King Arthur's Court* remains a supreme example of Mark Twain at his literary best and worst. Though the public appetite had been whetted by Mark Twain's long silence of five years, the *Yankee in King Arthur's Court* failed signally to satisfy that craving and turned out to be a bitter disappointment. By its grotesqueness and extravagant burlesque the book offended the national sensibilities of the English people and by its flagrant violation of good form it offended not a few of its author's American readers. The English frankly called it "a lamentable failure" and "an audacious sacrilege." Yet the chorus of adverse criticism was not universal. Here and there a note of praise was sounded. Howells may have been biased by his friendship, but his verdict was that the *Yankee* was entitled to be placed among its author's highest achievements of the nature of a greatly imagined and sympathetic tale.

Most of Clemens's books had been issued through his own publishing house under the name of Charles L. Webster and Company. This firm also published other notable books such as the Stedman and Hutchinson *Library of American Literature*, and *Life of Pope Leo XIII* and Grant's *Memoirs*. (It is affirmed that these publishers paid Mrs. Grant about \$450,000 royalty, one cheque being for \$200,000 reputed to be the largest single royalty cheque in history.) Clemens would have spared himself a world of financial worry, had he confined himself strictly to making books rather than to publishing books. But the fact is, he had a passion for adventure and speculation as he himself admitted, and no small part of the fortune he lost was squandered in enterprises of a speculative nature. It was his innate spirit of adventure that induced him to engage in the publishing business as well as in the type-setter invention, "that remorseless Frankenstein monster" upon which he spent his own private fortune in backing up his vacillating faith in the new venture. As a result Clemens became entirely dependent upon the resources of his pen for a support for himself and family. It was a heroic struggle he made to regain by his facile pen the fortune he had lost by adventure. To retrench expenses he even gave up his fine

home and went abroad for an extended sojourn in Berlin, Florence and England, all the time writing most diligently to furnish copy for his publishers. To this period of financial care and trouble belong *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and *Tom Sawyer Abroad*, first published serially in the *Century Magazine* and *St. Nicholas*. Upon his return to America with despair staring him in the face, Clemens decided to make an assignment and begin anew, though he was now well-nigh three score years old. His friends generously came to his relief, but he resolutely refused their proffered pecuniary aid and determined upon a world lecture tour, in order to pay his creditors one hundred cents in the dollar. This showed quite clearly the mettle of the man. The lecture tour proved a series of triumphs and he speedily recouped his lost fortune and re-established his impaired credit, having paid his creditors in full. This chapter in Mark Twain's life narrating his heroic struggle to pay back every dollar he owed his creditors reads like a romance and evinces a pluck and determination on his part quite the equal of Sir Walter Scott's.

Two books were directly indebted for their inspiration to this *Wanderjahr* in Mark Twain's career,—*Following the Equator* and *A Trip Around the World*, which, as their titles indicate, grew out of his lecture tour. There was also a third book closely associated with this period in Mark Twain's life and published about that time, though it was the result of twelve years of study and preparation, at home and abroad. This important work is *Joan of Arc*. Mark Twain did not like the French people especially. It is all the more surprising then that he should have selected a character of that nationality as the heroine of his best book, and the book above all others, as he himself said two years before his death, that "furnished him seven times the pleasure afforded by any of the others." As he once expressed it, he regarded the personality of Joan of Arc, "the most innocent, the most lovely, the most adorable child the ages have produced." It hardly admits of any doubt that *Joan of Arc* is its author's supreme literary expression. Its freedom from grotesqueness and burlesque is one of its salient features in contrast with the workmanship of the *Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. Furthermore, the majestic dignity and matchless workmanship of *Joan of Arc* are sus-

tained throughout from the quaint phrasing of the "Translator's Preface" to the final chapters detailing the execution of the martyred maiden in Rouen. Though the entire story is permeated with realism, still it is bathed in an atmosphere of romance. Yet, after all, *Joan of Arc*, unlike some of Mark Twain's tales, is convincing and almost compels credence. Nowhere else has Mark Twain shown such delicacy of feeling and refinement of expression as in his portrayal of this heroine who challenges our admiration and enlists our sympathy. The character of Joan of Arc, we are informed, was his favorite character in the world's history. The public, however, did not at first accord this superlative achievement of Mark Twain its due meed of appreciation. The world, strange to say, was slow to accept *Joan of Arc* at its face value as a masterpiece of art without scarcely a trace of its author's characteristic burlesque and cynicism.

This book served greatly to enhance Mark Twain's reputation as a literary artist, both at home and abroad. So when he went abroad again for a prolonged visit in Vienna, he was the lion of the Austrian capital and wherever else he went. Despite the heavy tax his social engagements made upon his time, nevertheless he found opportunity to write a number of short stories that were eagerly sought after by our magazine editors. One of these stories—"The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"—is a classic and deserves to rank with our finest specimens of the short story, such as Hale's "The Man Without a Country," Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" and Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King." Another noteworthy story Clemens wrote about this time is entitled "What Is Man?" which, though fine, is not up to the level of "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." Mark Twain has a considerable collection of short stories to his credit, but in this field he was surpassed by Poe and O. Henry of our American practitioners of that genre. During this European sojourn Mark Twain also published some articles on Christian Science, afterwards expanded into a book, in which he poked a plenty of fun at the formulas and teachings of the sect. His article "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," published in the *North American Review*, was a scathing arraignment of the missionaries and provoked a storm

of protests and adverse criticism. The pathos of his short story, "Was It Heaven? or Hell?" made an appeal all the more pointed to the reader because the drama of the tale was so soon to be enacted in its author's own household. For Clemens had had the misfortune to lose his daughter during his absence on his lecture tour of the world and now, during his foreign residence in Florence, his beloved wife died in 1904.

Upon his return to America, Clemens, to divert his mind from his loneliness and grief, occupied his time in writing a fantastic story of the nature of satire, entitled "3,000 Years Among the Microbes." This was a quasi-scientific revelry purporting to be the autobiography of a microbe that in a previous state of existence had been a man. After the manuscript had attained the proportions of a book, Clemens grew tired of the idea and never completed the book. This, like not a few of his manuscripts written by way of diversion, he relegated to the limbo of his discarded ideas and abandoned projects.

Mark Twain was now approaching his seventieth milestone, and it was proposed to celebrate the event. His hosts of friends did so and made it a memorable occasion when the flower of American writers gathered round the festive board at Delmonico's to do honor to the Nestor of their craft. From this time forth Mark Twain garnered but few sheaves, his literary harvest being wellnigh finished. He published an occasional magazine article and issued in book form his so-called *Gospel* originally written in Vienna some years before, but augmented from time to time. However, he did dictate his *Autobiography* to Albert Bigelow Paine who acted as his Boswell. Honors continued to be heaped upon the great humorist in his declining years and his interest in life did not abate, despite his failing health. In 1907 he was invited to England to receive the degree of Doctor of Literature from Oxford and was given a royal welcome with every mark of honor. On his return home his own nation delighted to honor him and he was not infrequently called upon for a public address. But his days were now numbered and death put an end to his career in April, 1910.

II

In his latter days, as has been said, Mark Twain came to be recognized as a sage. It is true that he dispensed much philosophy of life in his public and private utterances. But he had, also, previously given to the world not a little wisdom here and there in his various writings. Much of his philosophy is condensed in his aphorisms which it was his practice to place at the head of the chapters of some of his books, such as *Following the Equator* and *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Among *Pudd'nhead Wilson's* maxims may be cited the following which burn themselves in the memory: "When in doubt, tell the truth."

"Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example."

"The old saw says, 'Let a sleeping dog lie.' Right. Still, when there is much at stake it is better to get a newspaper to do it."

"There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate; when he can't afford it, and when he can."

"Make it a point to do something every day that you don't want to do. This is the golden rule for acquiring the habit of doing your duty without pain."

"Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live."

"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits."

"The Autocrat of Russia possesses more power than any other man in the earth; but he cannot stop a sneeze."

"The man who is a pessimist before he is forty-eight knows too much; the man who is an optimist after he is forty-eight knows too little."

"The man who is ostentatious of his modesty is twin to the statue that wears a fig-leaf."

"There isn't a Parallel of Latitude but thinks it would have been the Equator if it had had its rights."

"The very ink with which all history is written is merely fluid prejudice."

Most of these aphorisms are culled promiscuously from *Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar* which is a choice collec-

tion. It is replete with words of wisdom and its perusal furnishes delightful entertainment.

There was very little in Mark Twain's mental pabulum that indicated the philosopher in him. His reading was not especially along the lines of philosophy, except that he did not read novels. He was, however, very fond of biography. It is recorded that he read Saint Simon's *Memoirs* no less than twenty times and greatly admired his frankness. Among Mark Twain's favorite books which he read repeatedly, we are told, were Lecky's *European Morals*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Francis Parkman's *Canadian Histories*, Pepy's *Diary* and Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. He used also to enjoy reading Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Plutarch's *Lives* and, remarkable to add, Suetonius. Poetry did not appeal to him, though he rather liked Kipling's poems. He once wrote: "I like history, biography, travel, curious facts and strange happenings and science, and I detest novels, poetry and theology." Once he undertook to read Sir Walter Scott, if perchance he might find the secret of the Wizard's popularity, but he gave up the task in disgust, exclaiming: "Lord! It's all so juvenile, so artificial, so shoddy; and such wax-figures, and skeletons, and specters!"

Mark Twain's religion seems to have afforded him but scant comfort. He did not believe in the Bible as the inspired word of God. His wife was an orthodox believer when he married her and he passively accepted her creed, even conducting family prayers in his household at first. But he soon informed her of his determination to discontinue the practice, saying:

"You may keep this up if you want to, but I must ask you to excuse me from it. It is making me a hypocrite. I don't believe in this Bible. It contradicts my reason. I can't sit here and listen to it, letting you believe I regard it as you do, in the light of gospel, the word of God."

His wife, too, later ceased to believe in the Bible; and years after, in their family bereavement, Clemens remarked to her: "Livy, if it comforts you to lean on the Christian faith, do it;" and her pathetic reply was: "I can't, Youth; I haven't any." It is related that it was a constant source of regret to Mark Twain even to the day of his death that he had destroyed his wife's illusion without offering her a compensating solace.

As Carlyle said of Voltaire, Mark Twain had a torch for burning, but no hammer for building. He had the power to tear down and destroy, but he lacked the faith and resource to build up and establish. In a word, he was a destructive, not a constructive force in the realm of religion.

The truth is, Mark Twain seemed to lose faith in human nature, especially after the death of his wife, and to grow more bitter and cynical. Indeed, at times he appeared to be a veritable pessimist without faith in man or God. It became almost a common practice with him to "damn the human race." "Byron," he once observed, "despised the race because he despised himself. I feel as Byron did, and for the same reason. . . . I have never greatly envied anyone but the dead. I always envy the dead." But such is the sad effect of the tragedy of human bereavement upon one who has broken with the Christian religion and abandoned hope and faith in God. He once made a confession to his lifelong friend, Reverend J. H. Twichell, in the following words:

"I don't believe in your religion at all. I have been living a lie right straight along whenever I pretended to. For a moment sometimes I have been almost a believer, but it immediately drifts from me again. I don't believe one word of your Bible was inspired by God any more than any other book. I believe it was entirely the work of man from beginning to end—atonement and all. The problem of life and death and eternity and the true conception of God is a bigger thing than is contained in that book.

"The Bible is a portrait of a man, if one can imagine a man with evil impulses far beyond the human limit. In the Old Testament he is pictured as unjust, ungenerous, pitiless, and revengeful. It is the most damnatory biography that ever found its way into print."

Mark Twain's conception of God varied with his moods. But he always believed in God the Almighty. He appears not to have believed in a personal God, or in special provinces. He held that the universe is governed by strict and immutable laws. Nor had he any deep and abiding conviction in the immortality of the soul. Eternal punishment he rejected on the ground that no good could be accomplished by it. As to

annihilation he reasoned that if annihilation is to follow death, he should not be aware of the annihilation and therefore should not care a straw about it. He held that the world's moral laws are the outcome of the world's experience and that if he should break all of those moral laws, he could not see how he injured God by it, for He is beyond the reach of injury from man. To quote his own words, "I could as easily injure a planet by throwing mud at it. It seems to me that my misconduct could injure only me and other men. I cannot benefit God by obeying these moral laws—I could as easily benefit the planet by withholding my mud. . . . Consequently I do not see why I should be either punished or rewarded hereafter for the deeds I do here." This is a resumé of his "gospel"—a gospel of despair. It must be admitted that it offers scant comfort or solace to a troubled heart. As to the Gospel of the New Testament he maintained that "It is all a myth. . . . a fairy tale, like the idea of Santa Claus." To subscribe to such a doctrine is, to say the least, to be an arrant pessimist. The papers once called him a pessimist, to which he replied: "Pessimist—the man who isn't a pessimist is a d— fool." It is to be deplored that Mark Twain the sage, the humorist, as well as the Nestor of American men of letters should have given expression to such shocking sentiments. But it was characteristic of the man to take unfeigned pleasure in shocking the sensibilities of others.

After all has been said, however, we must weigh and estimate Mark Twain as a writer not by his so-called "gospel" teachings, but by his achievement as a man of letters. For in the final estimate it is by his literary accomplishment that we must judge him as an author. No one would think of turning to him for spiritual uplift. But all of us instinctively, as it were, turn to him for innocent fun and pure amusement and he never fails to entertain us with his wit and humor. Certainly he has produced books that will make his name live in American literature because they are themselves genuine literature. Moreover, he has placed us under lasting obligation to him for the rich and generous contribution he made to American letters, which would be inexpressibly poorer but for the products of his genius.

"The Right to Life" in Modern Drama

BERNARD SOBEL

Purdue University

"What is the good," asks Mrs. Vockerat, in Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives*, "of describing such dreadful things?" And her son answers her with another question: "We can't always be laughing, can we mother?"

Like Mrs. Vockerat, scores of modern readers find the modern drama, and particularly that phase of it which deals with *The Right to Life*, disquieting, distressing, and questionable aesthetically, morally and ethically. They have been troubled by the honesty of the modern drama, its deviation in subject matter and in treatment from the drama of the past. English and American playgoers and readers, especially, have been slow to accept the new school of playwrights and their prophetic advocacy of *The Right to Life* principle in literature.

"Just as the English dramatists of the late sixteenth century," says Sheldon Cheney in *The New Movement in the Theatre*, "had to break through the shackles of a double limitation of church heredity and a revival of classicism, so the English dramatists of the end of the nineteenth century had to struggle, on the one hand, against a prevailing dry convention of thought, and on the other against a cut-and-dried standard of 'the smoked glasses of a conventional prudery,' which required artificiality and a happy ending.

And even today, despite the persistency of the modern drama in establishing its place, there are still many who regard it with a certain resentment; they do not like to have their ideals displaced even though these ideals are very often easy-going and inconsequential; they do not like to have their tranquility disturbed by works that trouble as much with their iconoclastic statements as with their problems, indecision, and Pythia-like solutions. These opponents of the modern drama have one stock response for all arguments:

"What good do these works do? Even if we do struggle through all their unpleasantness, where do they get us?"

To these perpetual, caviling questioners who, like Pilate, perhaps, ask for the Truth without waiting for an answer, one dramatist replies:

"You may say that my play 'doesn't get you anywhere.' Well, so far as anything ultimate is concerned, Life never gets you anywhere. Life itself, by all human measurements, has practically no end at all. Lives end, but life goes ruthlessly and triumphantly forward. . . . Art is to make the truth of here-and-now dramatically, and movingly clear to you! And the epitaph of the librarian in the *Spoon River Anthology* reads:

Choose your own good and call it good
For I could never make you see
That no one knows what is good
Who knows not what is evil,
And no one knows what is true
Who knows not what is false.

"This is the fact," Hauptmann seems to say, "good or bad, as you choose to take it, but a demonstrable fact. . . . Repose is the property of dead things. With the living it is only a passing accident. . . . It is in this sense that modern dramatic literature takes its rise from facts. Facts are diverse, unordered, only partially related. We become their masters not by fitting them into a classification, but by becoming conscious of them. A dramatic author becomes impressed with this or that fact, an anomaly in the marriage relation or in the war of labour and capital, and casts it into the dramatic form in order that it may better come to consciousness."

The issue, stated more dogmatically, is as follows: the altruistic conception of life, which, in the end, must be the highest and most exalted conception of life, implies a willingness to aid one's fellow men efficiently. But efficiency which is helpfully beneficent and scientific cannot be exerted for one's fellow men without a thorough knowledge of their ills and limitations, their needs and their desires. The real altruist then, must seek for such knowledge where it can be found, and where it has been "cast into a form" through which "it may better come to consciousness."

Modern drama has tried to supply this knowledge and

thus, concerned with the presentation of the absolute Truth, it discloses us to ourselves as we are, interdependent on each other and consequently mutually obligated to each other; obligated to right mutual wrongs whenever possible and wherever they exist. Eager for the Truth, the *Right to Life* drama has been ubiquitous in its search for it. Brieux has said that his method consists of crying out against every abuse of power and all authority; for he believes that "men are too frail to sit in judgment over their fellow beings." "We must have an idea in our plays," he continues, "taken from the life about us, from among the sufferings of our fellow beings." With this idea in mind, he boldly attacks society, "because it will not give young girls an opportunity of earning an honest living by teaching; he lays bare the evils of the political system; of charity and its abuse; of science and its abuse; of marriage arrangements; of the attitude of secrecy concerning the nature, effects and care of the so-called unmentionable diseases and renovates and brings to light the truth of the matter: for he shows how certain parts of the legal system are inherently bad . . . declares war on those who fail to regard motherhood as sacred, something to be protected for the good of the race."

That which is typical in modern literature is inspired by this very desire to penetrate into life, in behalf of humanity at large, for the well-being of the individual as well as the group to better society, mentally, morally, physically and politically. That which is typical is actuated by the desire to discover absolute Truth, regardless of where it may be, on the heights or in the depths. And this Truth, once found, is a great leveler:

"There's no difference here," says Luka, in *A Lodging for the Night*, in the midst of the squalor of a one room Russian lodging house, "we're all of us level: nothing but the bare, naked man."

This diversity of subject matter and purpose is characteristic of all the important modern dramatists. Barrett H. Clark in *Continental Drama of Today*, gives many noteworthy examples of the fact.

Ibsen believed in the individual, in his right to live, in accordance with his personal creed, in spite of all obstacles; he

says time and time again, that a man, in order to realize the best that is in him must have the courage, the will to be himself. . . . Ibsen is determined to bring to judgment most of the social prejudices of his time. . . . Bjornson was the first to employ the new drama for a free discussion of the individual's rights and personal liberty, moral and intellectual. . . . Gorki essayed realistic portraiture of the largest class in Russia, the serfs and the lower classes of the city. Checkoff, though, "not seeking to enlist our sympathies for individuals," shows us "merely the spectacle of humanity as he sees it." . . . Andreyev adopting a transcendental outlook, treats normal and abnormal people. . . . In him that disquieting question of the end of life, that attempt to unveil the meaning of the Universe, that pessimistic struggle with overwhelming force, are so strongly felt that nothing else is of much importance." Wedekind "is of no school, he recognizes no established laws. He sets at defiance morality and accepted belief; some of his plays contain scenes that would sicken a police reporter. "Donnay treats the relation of the sexes." In *The Return from Jerusalem* he discusses intermarriage. "Hervieu comments and criticizes those phases of life that seem to need correcting—the law chiefly and its relation to man and woman in the married state."

Commenting on a group of Strindberg's plays, L. Lind-Af-Hageby says:

"In these plays we have the eternal questions of the human mind, the joys of illusion, the sorrows of knowledge, the fruits of sin and hatred, the rise through pain and suffering, the soul's battle with the relentless fate, the awful mystery of existence, and the ultimate hope of something better to come cast into the weird and haunting shapes of the people of Strindberg's inner world."

Many other prominent writers show similar tendencies and purposes: Granville Barker's *The Madras House*, has been praised as "one of the best statements of Feminism, from the personal standpoint, that has ever appeared." Maeterlinck has given these topics a totally new treatment by lifting them to the world of the spirit, "an excursion," says Dukes, in *Modern Dramatists*, "out of place and time, into castles and dim for-

ests, where, remote from life's institutions the issues lie between soul and soul."

"The keynote to the great majority of Sudermann's plays is," says Heller, "the tragic struggle between the old and the new, between the pious clinging of the soul to long-recognized creeds and the imperious claims of a nascent era."

The movement includes many more important writers; Lionel Monkhouse, Stanley Houghton, the late St. John Hankin, Masfield, St. John Ervine, Percy Mackaye, a recent recruit, Henry Arthur Jones and "Ibsenite malgre lui" Giacosa, and Echegaray, and Shaw with his attacks on what he considers "our false ideals and illustration of scientific national history."

"Right to Life" principles are voiced by various characters in well known plays. In Sudermann's *The Fires of St. John* and Schnitzler's *Light O'Love*, the complaint is made against sacrifice to the morals which "happen for the time to rule the world." In Henry Arthur Jones' *Michael and His Lost Angel*, Love is discussed:

"But love is love, and whether it comes from heaven, or whether it comes from the other place, there's no escaping it. I believe it always comes from heaven."

Views of ethics and religion are as varied as they are original. Indicative of this is the following from *The Madras House*:

"Religion is a pretty hymn tune to keep us from fear of the dark."

The unwed mother who does not regard marriage as a reparation, and the outcast have received particular attention. Nastya, in Gorky's *A Lodging for the Night*, says "It's the life that's made her a beast." Fanny, in Houghton's, *Hindle Wakes*, remarks "I don't see how marrying a blackguard is going to turn me into an honest woman!" while Janette, in St. John Hankin's, *The Last of the De Mullins*, declares, "My dear Aunt Harriet, women had children thousands of years before marriage was invented. I daresay they will go on doing so thousands of years after it has ceased to exist."

Sin and its punishment have somehow taken on a new character; as Maeterlinck says in *Sister Beatrice*:

"There is no sin that lives
 If love have vigil kept;
 There is no soul that dies
 If love but once have wept."

Emma in Schnitzler's *The Legacy* says:

"You speak of forgiving? What have you—what, on the whole, has one man to forgive his fellow man? That is pure arrogance. We may punish and revenge for aught I care as long as it concerns only ourselves as it were. But no one is good enough to forgive."

The family, as an institution, has also been discussed in plays like *Rutherford and Son*, *Hindle Wakes*, and *Know Thyself*. Thus Philip, in Granville Barker's *Waste*, queries:

"What do you think parents gain by insisting on respect and affection from grown-up children?"

The appeal for a frank knowledge of the facts of life is stated in Wedekind's *The Awakening of Spring*, Cosmo Hamilton's *The Blindness of Virtue* and similar plays.

These critical comments on the personal aims of the individual dramatists, and extracts from their works are evidences of the sincerity, penetration and depth of the modern drama and its nearness to life itself. And thus organized, the modern drama has had a tremendous influence in making people broader, more charitable and perhaps more self-critical. Perhaps too, its purpose may even be an exalted one, in the highest sense of the word.

"Why men live for the better men, dearie," declares the visitor in *A Lodging for the Night*, "carpenters and the rest, masses, people. . . . And then out of them a carpenter's born . . . a carpenter such as never was in all the world; above 'em all; never was his like for a carpentering. 'E stamps himself on the whole carpentering trade . . . shoves the whole thing twenty years forward. . . . And so for all the others. . . . Locksmiths then, bootmakers and other working folks . . . and all the agriculturals, and even the gentry . . . they live for the better man. Each thinks 'e's livin' for himself yet it turns out, its for that better man. A hundred years . . . and maybe longer, we 'as to go on livin' till the better man."

Of course the movement, though conceived for great purposes has already degenerated, and turned upon itself, *à rebours*. But all literary movements degenerate eventually, be they idealistic or realistic, and it is then that their honest purpose is debased and changed. *The Right to Life* drama should be evaluated in its purest form, as Hauptmann describes it, in *Lonely Lives*:

It is a great age that we live in. That which has so weighed upon peoples' minds and darkened their lives seems to be gradually disappearing. . . . On the one hand we were oppressed by a sense of uncertainty, of apprehension, on the other by gloomy fanaticism. This exaggerated tension of fresh air is blowing in upon us from—, let us say from the twentieth century."

Lopsided Realism

H. HOUSTON PECKHAM

Instructor in English in Purdue University

What is wrong with present-day American fiction? It will scarcely be disputed, I think, that now, after more than a century of constant effort, we Americans are without a novelist equal to the greatest Victorian English writers of fiction. Indeed, we may go a step farther and assert that we have failed to improve upon the work of our own nineteenth-century fiction writers, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, and Mark Twain.

And why? Surely, if we analyze the situation we shall see many reasons why American fiction today should surpass the best fiction which the English language has produced in the past. Our growth from national youth to national maturity, our ever widening field of material, the many lessons of the past, the greatly increased facilities for the study of literary technique—these and a score of like circumstances should give us greater fiction than we have ever had before.

Yet where are our twentieth-century American Dickenses, Thackerays, and George Eliots? What novel written in this country within the past fifteen years bids fair to take its permanent place beside "David Copperfield," "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," or—to go back two or three generations further—"Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," or "Tom Jones?" What four living American novelists can vie with such British contemporaries, even, as John Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and Hugh Walpole? The most optimistic admirer of present-day American fiction will, I dare say, fear to attempt an answer to these questions.

An excuse frequently offered for our dearth of important novels is that public taste is bad—in other words, that the work of such writers as Gene Stratton Porter, Harold Bell Wright, Robert W. Chambers, Edna Ferber, Anna Katharine Green, and others of their ilk easily outsells the most meritorious fiction on the market. But this is not nearly so good an excuse as it might at first seem to be. Public taste has never been a whit better than it is now. Witness, as proof of this,

the tremendous vogue of Mary J. Holmes, Augusta Evans Wilson, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, "The Duchess," Charlotte M. Braeme, May Agnes Fleming, E. P. Roe, James Payn, and numerous other American and English best-sellers of half a century ago.

A second and more plausible excuse offered for the failure of American fiction is that the past twenty-five or thirty years has seen the production of altogether too much commonplace realism. And those who advance this excuse are doubtless prepared to train their most deadly guns against such writers as Mr. Howells, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman, Miss Alice Brown, and the late Sarah Orne Jewett. In the final analysis, however, can it be claimed that these charming writers have retarded the progress of American fiction? Doubtless they have done much that was hardly worth doing. Doubtless they have often caused us to exclaim: "Very true and very beautiful! but what of it?" On the whole, however, these so-called "commonplace realists" have done so much that is fresh and new and human, have wrought so artistically, that any apologist who cites them as stumbling-blocks in the way of the great American novel is treading on dangerous ground. Indeed, he is inviting a challenge to the difficult task of pointing out better contemporary American fiction writers than the ones whom he condemns.

In response to this challenge our apologist will surely offer the names of Edith Wharton, Robert Grant, Theodore Dreiser, and Robert Herrick. Probably, too, he will speak a good word in behalf of such books as Reginald Wright Kauffman's "House of Bondage" and Louis Joseph Vance's "Joan Thursday."

And here we arrive at the most vital point in the whole situation! The Wharton-Grant-Dreiser-Herrick school is frankly a revolt against what critics have been pleased to call "Mid-Victorian prudishness." With Turgenev, Ibsen, Dostoevski, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, Sudermann, and other Continentals as their models—not to mention those most un-British of Britishers, Thomas Hardy and George Moore—these later American realists have sought to jar us out of all the self-complacency we ever had. Aided and abetted by such dramatists as Sir Arthur W. Pinero, Henry Arthur

Jones, and our own Eugene Walter, they have labored right valiantly to convince us that ours is not a sweet, bright land at all; but a land of crime, adultery, white-slavery, industrial oppression, suicide, domestic infelicity and infidelity, and well-nigh everything else that is bad. Our grandfathers' Colonel Newcomes and our grandmothers' Agnes Wickfields are too absurdly innocent, too hopelessly unsophisticated, if you please! The Reverend Septimus Harding may have lived and moved and had his being in the rarified air of mid-Victorian Barchester; but, bless you! he is far too angelic for twentieth-century America. Dinah Morris may have graced Loamshire a century ago, but the atmosphere which we are called upon to breathe would undoubtedly poison her instantly. Such heroes and heroines as these have no place in our sterner realism. Instead, we are treated to a much more stirring spectacle: the sinful mistress of a drunken, bestial consort; a loathsome inebriate beating and kicking his pregnant wife, with hideous consequences to the offspring; a silly girl who wakes to find herself a prisoner in a house of ill fame; a miserable bastard hounded to suicide by the slings and arrows of a convention-bound society; a social climber eager to sell herself body and soul for a little more prestige; a scheming financier who robs his employer and violates the chastity of that employer's daughter; a man who finds it better to die with another woman than to live with his invalid wife; a nurse who calmly puts a suffering rival out of her misery.

And alas for the chicken-hearted reader who is nauseated by this spectacle! Alas for him who cries out with poor old Lear, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!" This generation, we are told, is a truth-loving generation, and must have the whole truth, however much it may hurt.

But here let us pause and proceed to satisfy ourselves on one point. As regards this stern truth, is it, in the largest sense, truth at all? If I photograph Farmer Brown's pig-sty and label it "a typical scene on Mr. Brown's farm," am I altogether just to the good farmer? If I publish a photograph of Whitechapel or Houndsditch, and place under it the inscription, "A representative London thoroughfare," am I more truthful than if I had done the same with Piccadilly or

Regent Street? Has an ash-pile or a garbage-heap necessarily more artistic value, even in prose, than a lilac-bush or a pansy-bed?

Before we attempt to answer these questions let us remind ourselves that the foremost Victorian novels are nothing if not typical. They are great because they are broadly human, and they are broadly human because they present in a comprehensive manner that which is truly representative. From them we learn not simply one phase of Victorian life, but all of the most characteristic phases. We learn that the typical Victorian had some foibles—and a great many good qualities. We learn that he was sometimes given to inebriety and gambling, snobbishness and false ambition, immorality and crime; but that more frequently he found pleasure in the more wholesome occupations of hunting and fishing, coaching and driving, tea and cribbage, balls and operas. We learn, above all, that he was a highly domesticated being, generally pure and chivalrous in his relations with women.

The question arises, now: Are we so much baser, so much more degraded than the Victorians were? Let us see. With an annual divorce rate of about seventy-five per hundred thousand population; with an annual illegitimate birth rate of not more than twenty per hundred thousand population; with a yearly suicide toll of perhaps fifteen thousand; and with a total prison population well under the two hundred thousand mark, we may well protest that we are not nearly so black as some of our foremost realists would paint us. In other words, it is the exceptional American, not the average American, who is desperately bad or hopelessly unfortunate.

Some of the captious, of course, will complain that I am deliberately misconceiving and misinterpreting the purpose of art; that art is, above all, a teacher; that the greatest lesson man can learn is that the wages of sin is death; and that we can best teach this lesson, in art as in law, by holding up horrible examples. Someone may even remind me that the most remarkable theologian of our Colonial period had a great deal more to say about sinners in the hands of an angry God than about harps in the hands of angels.

In this connection, we may, I believe, obtain an impressive object lesson from one of the most marvelous of paintings,

Leonardo da Vinci's "The Last Supper." Easily the two most striking figures in this wonderful painting are, of course, the Christ and Judas. The face of the one is ineffably sublime; of the other, unspeakably contemptible. Each has tremendous artistic and ethical value. Yet I wonder how many good deeds in a naughty world have been prompted by the revolting spectacle of Judas. I wonder whether it is not true that for every soul turned from sin by the unlovely picture of the betrayer, a hundred have been inspired to noble deeds by the countenance of the Master. Is not art, after all, more positive than negative? Is not this thing which some of us have been terming "Victorian prudishness" more properly termed "Victorian wholesomeness?"

Let us have done with this lopsided realism which has floated northward across the English Channel, and westward across the Atlantic during the past generation, and has made many wiseacres think that no other realism is genuine. Let us refuse as steadfastly as ever to turn our backs in good old Hopkinson Smith fashion against all manner of unpleasantness. Ay, let us continue to be frank. But let us also be sane. Let us have true perspective. Give us a few Little Em'lys and Hetty Sorrels—even as life gives them—but keep these unfortunate creatures as wisely in the background as the broadly comprehensive Victorians kept them.

In turning from the sordid, narrow realism which has straitened American fiction too long, we naturally look for signs of something bigger, broader, better. Depressed by incessant gloom, we look eagerly for a patch of blue sky. We look for a type of narrative art which, while facing courageously and honestly the disagreeable facts of life, yet feels that life is, in the final analysis, eminently worth living—that God's in His heaven and all's right with the world. We seek for an art which is neither mean nor commonplace, neither putrid nor sappy. And we do not seek in vain.

True, all of the American novelists whom I would name as auguries of a bright, new day have their pronounced limitations. Mrs. Deland, for instance, shows too much artistic sameness—seldom wanders far enough away from her beloved Old Chester. Mr. Tarkington, until the advent of that admirable piece, "The Turmoil," has always been a bit too trivial

and much too melodramatic. Mr. Churchill is ever too diffuse and sometimes intolerably didactic. And Mr. Henry Sydnor Harrison tries so hard to be clever that often he is not clever at all. Yet this notable quartet have the true gift and the true spirit. And there are others worthy of serious consideration. James Lane Allen, George W. Cable, Dorothy Canfield, John Fox, Jr., Zona Gale, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Will N. Harben, Mary Johnston, the late S. Weir Mitchell, Arnold Mulder, James Oppenheim, Thomas Nelson Page, Georgia Wood Pangborn, Georg Schock, Mary S. Watts, and Owen Wister—each of these has contributed something, in a sanely catholic way, to modern American realism. The situation is far from hopeless. If one but looks in the right direction, what an abundance of good story-telling one finds! What a wealth of vivid background, clearcut characterization, and dramatic power! Above all, what a broad, wholesome, life-like blending of the pleasant and the unpleasant, the joyous and the sad, the noble and the ignoble!

The stage is well set for the entrance of the Great American Novel. The lesser Thespians, Trivial Realism and Sordid Realism, have well-nigh done with their strutting. The half-gods are about to go. And right well have they played their little part. They have taught us candor and technique, at any rate. The player who is about to enter will be more concise and precise than the Victorians were. Indeed, the too-copious sentimentalism of Dickens, the over-subjectivity of Thackeray, and the clumsy circumlocution of George Eliot have already made their exit. Our new player will be guided by the artistic economy and straightforwardness of the Continentals and Mr. Hardy and Mrs. Wharton. But for scope and perspective and philosophy of life, he will revert to those good old side-whiskered prigs and hoop-skirted prudes whom we have despised too long.

BOOK REVIEWS

MADAME DE STAËL AND THE SPREAD OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By Emma Gertrude Jaeck, New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1915.

In France, England, and America, study of German literature, and especially of Goethe's *Faust*, led to gradual assimilation of that German spirit "which has become the gospel of our century, the apotheosis of activity and of service to humanity, the cheerful performance of duty and the renunciation of selfish desires and, above all, the development of personality." Since Madame de Staël's *Germany* first introduced *Faust* to the world, to her belongs credit for having initiated the spread of German culture. Such, in effect, is the thesis of Dr. Jaeck's suggestive monograph. In developing the exposition of her theory, the author presents first a biographical and historical account of the origin and content of Madame de Staël's masterpiece, *De l'Allemagne*, and second, in twice as many pages, a record of the "Effect of the Message of *De l'Allemagne* upon the World."

On the whole, the first book is in its narrative portions compact and commendably precise but in its treatment of theories and influences vague and not infrequently unconvincing. The effect, for instance, of the opinions of A. W. Schlegel upon those of Madame de Staël concerning German books, authors, and tendencies is first minimized to prove the Frenchwoman's intellectual originality and then emphasized to show her sympathy with the Teutonic temperament. Testimony of Henry Crabb Robinson concerning Madame de Staël's constitutional inability to comprehend German philosophy, is disregarded in this connection. The inspiration of Rousseau, too, is slighted in favor of occult transfusion of the spirit of German romanticism into the soul of Madame de Staël.

The second book, while not a definitive discussion of the literary influence of German culture in France, England, and America, does sketch the general subject in no insignificant fashion. The central figure is no longer the brilliant con-

versationalist of a Parisian salon; she has given place to the world-shaking genius of *Werther* and *Faust*. Indeed the chief structural defect of the monograph is that Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* remains ostensibly the center of interest. The chapter on "Germany and France" is, to be sure, frankly devoted for the most part to remarks on Goethe's French fame. But in the bulky succeeding chapter almost every new object of German influence in English-speaking countries is introduced by some mention of *De l'Allemagne*.

This chapter on "German Literature in the English-speaking Lands" is a real contribution in the field of comparative literature. The influence of German thought upon about thirty-five writers of English is presented suggestively, if somewhat incompletely. Carlyle and Emerson are, of course, important figures. Here the reader finds also fairly extensive notes concerning a considerable number of poets and learned ladies who are classed as German scholars along with William Taylor of Norwich, Crabb Robinson, and Coleridge. Yet one might wish that more than a fraction of a sentence apiece had been devoted to George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, and two critics who wrote of Madame de Staël, Professor John Wilson and William Hazlitt. Of Americans, however, in addition to the Transcendentalists German thought is copiously shown to have affected several, among them George H. Calvert, the biographer of Goethe.

This same second chapter, valuable as it is, illustrates well the principal logical fault of the book, failure to prove that Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* was the cause or even the chief agent of clearly demonstrated influence of German ideas. Calvert, for example, seems never to have heard of the *Germany*. In many other cases, notably that of Shelley, connection between the *Germany* and interest in German literature is of the slightest. On the other hand, Sir James Mackintosh, one important writer whose interest in German letters was directly due to the personal magnetism of Madame de Staël and who read at least a part of *De l'Allemagne* not "as soon as" it appeared in print but before, Miss Jaek mentions only casually. Four of the five most notable German scholars among British men of letters began studying German liter-

ature more than ten years before the appearance of the great book. And to one of the four, Sir Walter Scott, Madame de Staël, far from being "very potent" in strengthening his predilection for German literature, was an object of considerable dislike.

A work full of interest, then, Professor Jaeck's monograph is rather a tentative statement of the literary debt of the English and French peoples to Germany than a carefully confined demonstration of the influence of Madame de Staël's treatise *De l'Allemagne* as a disseminator of German culture. Like many another scholarly dissertation, this is valuable as a collection of important facts but not as a perfect proof of the truth of its main contention.

ROBERT CALVIN WHITFORD.

University of Illinois.

THE REVOLUTION IN VIRGINIA. By H. J. Eckenrode. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—311 pp. \$2.00 net.

Dr. Eckenrode has made a valuable contribution to the history of Virginia. While there is considerable literature relating to certain phases of the revolutionary movement in Virginia—principally essays and biography—it is characterized by a controversial tone. In contrast the spirit of Dr. Eckenrode's work is interpretative, its scope comprehensive. Another feature is the use of manuscript as well as printed materials. The conclusions have the force of originality, sympathy, and constructiveness.

Typical is the attitude toward the old tradition of a cleavage between Patrick Henry and a faction favorable to England in 1765. "As a matter of fact," he says, "no English party existed in Virginia at that time or afterwards. . . . In fact it was not Henry who influenced the conservative leaders so much as it was the conservative leaders who furnished him with thunder." (Pp. 18, 22.) Likewise the origin of the revolution in the colony is attributed to political rather than economic causes. "It was the effort of a community singularly tenacious of its rights and jealous of the broadening shadow of the British Empire across the world to secure positions for its own safety; it was the determination of a proud,

easy-going, liberty-loving community, conscious of its importance in America and of its small importance in English eyes, to maintain its old independence and increase it." (Pp. 39, 40.)

Of especial interest are the chapters describing the movement for local democratic reforms, Jefferson's career as governor, and the activity and treatment of the loyalists. The limitations of the volume are the failure to treat the state finances and the absence of a bibliography. The style is clear and readable.

W. K. BOYD.

MODERNIZING THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Charles H. Sherrill. With an Introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, xiv, 203 pp. \$1.25 net.

At the present time the thoughts of the American people are turning to South America more than ever before. Hence, a work which gives the result of many years of successful experience in the conduct of our commercial and diplomatic affairs in Latin America is especially timely. Mr. Sherrill was formerly United States Minister to Argentina, and he is now Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Chambers of Commerce of the United States. The object of his book is to explain the economic situation in the South American republics, to describe our opportunities for trade expansion, and to discuss the Monroe Doctrine and the Panama Canal as they affect our South American relations.

An interesting chapter of the volume deals with the A. B. C. mediation between the United States and Mexico. Mr. Sherrill believes that this mediation has had the result of establishing a high court of opinion for the Western Hemisphere, and also that it has made the Monroe Doctrine continental. It has made South America realize the altruism of our point of view in regard to that essential feature of our foreign policy, and, on the other hand, "our people have come to appreciate the immense practical value of South American public opinion in questions affecting the welfare of nations in our hemisphere."

Mr. Sherrill also includes in his work a suggestion that the United States exchange the Philippines for the European colonies to the south of us possessed by England, Denmark,

Holland, and France. He says that in case of war the Philippines would prove a sadly weak link in our defenses. For us to withdraw from the Philippines and guarantee their independence would place even a greater responsibility upon our army and navy than does our present control of those islands. The Philippines are administratively convenient to the English in Australia, Hongkong, Shanghai, and the Straits Settlements, to the French at Tonkin, to the Dutch in Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. "To those nations the Philippines would prove additional assets in the Far East, while to us they are but an unending problem. . . . All those nations have successfully conducted colonies in those seas, and may be trusted to administer the Philippines with equal success." Mr. Sherrill gives scant consideration to the plea "that it is our duty to train and free the Filipinos," maintaining that in the case of this asset won in war, we should consider our own interests and safety first.

CAMP FIRES IN THE YUKON. By Harry A. Auer. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Co., 1916, x, 204 pp. \$1.75 net.

Mr. Auer's well-illustrated volume brings to mind the approach of the season of vacations and out-of-door life. The author tells the story of a hunting expedition for big game in the wilderness of Alaska and the Yukon. Readers are given a liberal supply of practical and useful information with regard to the equipment needed for such an expedition and the methods likely to be most successful. Among the animals hunted were mountain sheep and goats, caribou, and moose.

The work is written in an unpretentious, narrative style, but its account of the experiences of Mr. Auer's party on the trails of the northern wilderness will doubtless prove most attractive to other adventurous spirits. It also brings the charm and freshness of vigorous out-of-door life in large measure to pent-up dwellers in cities and towns who may never visit in person the wide spaces of Alaska and the Yukon. The numerous photographs obtained by the author have been adequately reproduced and give the reader an excellent idea of Alaskan scenery and animal life.

GERMANY VS. CIVILIZATION. By William Roscoe Thayer. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—238 pp. \$1.00 net.

THE RULING CASTE AND FRENZIED TRADE IN GERMANY. By Maurice Millioud. With Introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company,—1916, 159 pp. \$1.25 net.

Immediately after the Great War began, numerous volumes about it appeared in which, naturally, exaggerated and intemperate assertions were made and half-baked theories were offered the public. Fortunately that period in war literature has about ended, and some better books are now appearing. Real scholars, however, are beginning to realize more and more clearly that a long time must elapse before satisfying and just discussions of the many problems leading up to the war will be possible. It is, therefore, with surprise and disappointment that we read Mr. Thayer's *Germany vs. Civilization*, for the author's high reputation based on his former works leads us to expect a very different type of book from this undignified and ephemeral discussion in which no new light is thrown on the controverted questions and in which he allows his bitterness to blind his eye and lame his hand. The truth is, the volume has made a belated appearance; it belongs to that list of forgotten books poured out in the heat of the beginning of the war, and it actually seems to have been written at that time. The world is weary of hearing of Bernhardt, Treitschke, and other supposed originators of the present German spirit.

Except for its widely proclaimed effort to establish an economic cause for the war, Mr. Millioud's *The Ruling Caste and Frenzied Trade in Germany* calls for little more attention than does the volume by Mr. Thayer. The first essay on caste is neither new nor original in theory, while the second essay on German Business Methods and Foreign Commerce does not strike one as either very comprehensive, or penetrating in judgment. Much of it certainly might be equally well said of American big business.

Such books as these possess some merit, but they run the great danger of almost completely concealing it by their failure to observe the bounds of calm and scholarly consideration of

facts. However difficult it may be to write dispassionately and impersonally about the present war, readers certainly have the right to expect calm judgment and dignified language from those who have established reputations as writers. Such books as these sow with their wheat a great quantity of tares that must bring forth an abundant crop in the form of misunderstanding, false ideas, prejudice, and national hatred. From such work true scholarship should deliver us.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

EUROPEAN POLICE SYSTEMS. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: The Century Company, 1916,—xii, 442 pp. \$1.30 net.

Police problems are among the most difficult ones met with in American municipal government. Corruption and incompetence in city administration are likely to be felt in this department perhaps more than in any other. Hence, American city officials have great need of authentic and detailed information as to the methods which are most successful in the police departments of other countries. Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, who was formerly Commissioner of Accounts in New York City, has recently published under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene the results of a careful personal study of the police departments in twenty-two European cities. His volume deals with the relation of the police force to other organs of government, with the internal organization of the department, with the methods of training and appointing patrolmen and detectives, and with the actual performance of the various functions of this branch of the public service. The book is furnished with many valuable statistical appendices and with charts showing the organization of the police and detective forces in such cities as London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Though Mr. Fosdick's study brings out many facts of value to those who would improve American police service, he leaves the applications to be made by his readers. One important point of difference between our own large cities and those of Europe is in the position of the police commissioner. In Europe he is a man who has been trained to his work as a distinct profession. Mr. Fosdick gives particulars as to the

system of training and promotion for police executives in various European countries. The tenure of the European police commissioner is usually indefinite, though he may be removed for inefficiency or dishonesty. Only rarely is he sacrificed to a clash of political interests.

The book also contains much information as to the police training schools in which the members of the uniformed force are instructed. The discussion of the sources from which the force is recruited is especially suggestive. Salaries are generally lower than in the United States, but the low salaries are to some extent offset by the fact that the men are drawn from a class with a lower standard of living, and further by the painstaking provisions made by the departments to enable their men to live economically and comfortably.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Fosdick discusses the special temptations of the police and the general integrity of the members of the force in European cities. He believes that corruption is diminished because of the more liberal character of European laws dealing with public morality. There is some interesting information regarding the practice of "tipping" as it affects the European police.

As a whole the volume is one which will be exceedingly useful to all who are engaged in enlightened effort to improve American police conditions and to build up the force in efficiency and integrity.

W. H. G.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: THE LOGIC OF HIS CAREER. By Charles G. Washburn. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—245 pp. \$1.50 net.

Former Representative Washburn is a friend and old college-mate, though not an implicit follower, of Colonel Roosevelt. He very justly estimates his own book when, in the introductory chapter, he states that it is neither a history nor a finished sketch, but a record of personal impressions fortified by such facts as would seem to warrant his conclusions. He believes that Roosevelt has never been a "politician," but that "his opinions, regarded by many as radical and even revolutionary, were carefully considered for many years before they found expression." The keynote of the book is found in the

statement, contained in the first chapter: "The qualities I knew in the boy [Roosevelt] are the qualities most observed in the man, and of all men I have known for as long a time he has changed the least."

As characteristics of young Roosevelt are mentioned his variety of college interests, his general popularity and close friendships, his high standing in his classes, his intensity and extraordinary power of concentration, and his love for outdoor life. His youthful career in the New York legislature is reviewed to show the close resemblance between his attitude then and since toward party measures and party leaders. His voluntary withdrawal from politics to engage in literature and ranching offers another striking parallel to the activities he chose for himself upon leaving the Presidency. The circumstances of his career in the offices of Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Governor, and Vice-President are outlined to show his lack of ambition for political advancement. Mr. Washburn also devotes an important section of his book to maintaining that Colonel Roosevelt, in his attitude toward great public questions, has remained consistent with views expressed as a speaker and writer earlier in his career. For example, Mr. Washburn says, "the arguments used by Roosevelt in 1908 are the arguments which in 1915 are being urged from every platform where 'national defense' is discussed. . . . The policy now advocated by Roosevelt is what it has always been."

After discussing Roosevelt's relations with Congress and the incidents of the African and European trips, the author comes finally to his re-entry into politics. He recalls Roosevelt's realization that he had all to lose and nothing to gain, that in regard to popularity he was "like Peary at the North Pole": he could travel only south. The book closes with the admission by Mr. Washburn, as a political opponent in the contest of 1912, that Colonel Roosevelt, in following his inclination and fighting for what he believed in, was pursuing the only course natural to him and probably rendering the country a service he could not have rendered by merely regarding his own interests and "resting upon his accomplishments, secure

in the position of first citizen of the Republic, and idolized by his countrymen."

HOLLAND HOLTON.

SAMUEL W. MCCALL, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS. By Lawrence B. Evans. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—342 pp. \$1.25 net.

The appearance on the eve of the nominating convention of the biography of a man frequently spoken of as a probable nominee for the presidency by a great political party, very naturally creates the impression that it was issued for political effect. A careful reading of the book does not totally do away with this impression. However this may be, the fact still remains that the book is an interesting portrayal of the career of one of the most forceful and inspiring personalities in public life today. The author is a writer of note, and his biography is the outcome of a close friendship with Mr. McCall extending over many years.

It is very natural that the greater part of the volume should be devoted to the positions taken by Mr. McCall on the great questions which arose during the long period of his service as a member of Congress. Not only has Mr. McCall been one of the most virile and independent thinkers of his day on political questions, but he has been in a very real sense a man of letters as well. He is himself the author of two important biographies, which are included in the American Statesmen Series—Thaddeus Stevens and Thomas B. Reed.

Mr. Evans' volume is the life story of a man whose career as statesman, author, and cultured public citizen, combines the very best elements of our American life.

ROBERT L. FLOWERS.

THE DAYS OF THE SWAMP ANGEL. By Mary Hall Leonard. New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1914,—326 pp. \$1.20 net.

Miss Leonard has made use of the fighting around Charleston, South Carolina, as a background to portray several interesting characters and a bit of life in that state during the war between the North and the South. In these times of awful bloodshed and horror, the reader is relieved at finding in this

book no lurid descriptions of such things. The environment and life of one of the oldest and most interesting American cities are presented in unpretentious but effective descriptions. The Swamp Angel is the big gun set up in the marshes by northern army engineers to hurl bombs into the city.

While the book contains love stories, they are narrated in a fragmentary and indirect way. The work is rather a happy blending of war, privation, sacrifice, patriotism, love, and devotion to a fine sense of duty in the face of public opinion. Fletcher Boynton's determination to defend the cause of negro soldiers captured and condemned to death as insurrectionists makes of him a hero, though the step caused his social ostracism. It is this character in whom the chief interest of the book centers. Around him are gathered others that like him are not drawn with a master hand, but are not by any means devoid of lifelikeness. And the plot is a good one. With experience the writer could have made it more interesting. Its local color, attained through the utilization of negro dialect, familiar places, and scenery around the old city, adds to the attractiveness of the book and ought to assure it a welcome among readers of the South.

W. H. WANNAMAKER.

THE FEDERAL EXECUTIVE. By John Philip Hill. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—viii, 269 pp. \$2.00 net.

HISTORY AND PROCEDURE OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. By De Alva Stanwood Alexander. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1916,—xvii, 435 pp. \$2.00 net.

It is noteworthy that these two able books on the federal government should be issued at about the same time and by the same publishers. Mr. Hill has given a clear description of the various departments and activities of the federal executive in which much light is thrown upon the process by which its functions and influence have been gradually enlarged. The chapter on the Departments of War, the Navy, and Justice is especially timely. Here are presented some interesting and convenient tables giving the facts as to the naval preparedness of the United States in comparison with other sea powers. While Mr. Hill's book passes lightly over a great many im-

portant activities of the federal executive, his chapters will prove readable and informing to many citizens who desire a better understanding of the position and importance of the national government in our political system.

Mr. Alexander, for many years a representative in Congress from the State of New York, has from the fullness of his information and experience written a compact account of the organization and procedure of the House of Representatives. His work is one of altogether exceptional merit and interest. A fund of reminiscence and anecdote keeps dryness out of the volume. Another of its strong points is the inclusion of illuminating character sketches of American statesmen who have been members of the House of Representatives. There are authoritative discussions of such topics as apportionment of members, the speaker, committee appointments, creating and counting a quorum, contested election cases, committees and their work, and impeachment proceedings. This is a book that will be indispensable to serious students of the American government.

W. H. G.

NOTES AND NEWS

Many Americans owe their lives to the open air treatment of tuberculosis as carried out at Saranac Lake, New York, under the direction of Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau. The heroic struggle and great achievements of this distinguished physician have been made the subject of a small volume by Stephen Chalmers, who was for years closely associated with him at Saranac. The narrative is one of unselfish endeavor that will bring a message of inspiration to many a reader. The volume has eight interesting illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass., \$1.00 net.

The Department of History at Smith College has commenced the publication of a series of "Smith College Studies in History." These studies will appear quarterly under the editorship of Professors John Spencer Bassett and Sidney Bradshaw Fay. The editors intend to publish monographs in the field of history and government which are too brief to be issued as separate volumes and too long or too specialized to find a suitable place in the existing general periodicals devoted to those subjects. The first number, bearing date of October, 1915, is an "Introduction to the History of Connecticut as a Manufacturing State," by Grace Pierpont Fuller. Annual subscription, \$1.50. Northampton, Mass.

"A Study of the Literary Tendencies in the Novellen of Theodor Storm" is the title of a brochure published by Mr. Leonidas Reuben Dingus, of Richmond College, Richmond, Va. The work was submitted by its author as a doctorate dissertation at the University of Virginia and is not therefore primarily intended for the general reader. Mr. Dingus investigates his author from the following viewpoints: *Stimmung* (which German word is used throughout the dissertation as if it were English), Deepening of Motive, the Development of the Purpose Story, Dialogue, Naturalism in Conversational Language, The Historical Story as a Realistic Story, Fatalistic Forms,

Decline of the Passive-Growth of the Dramatic, Nature in Early and Late Stories, People of Storm's Novellen, and Symbolism. The work is provided with full references and a bibliography and is carefully done. Out of the rather mechanical form here pardonable, Mr. Dingus could make a valuable essay that would appeal to a much wider circle of readers.

On October 12, 1915, occurred the dedication of the monument erected by Congress in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, in memory of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States. The principal address on the occasion was by Mr. Armistead C. Gordon. This address has now been published in pamphlet form together with the program of the ceremonies and an account of the action of Congress in providing for the monument. The pamphlet contains a picture of the monument and an engraved portrait of President Tyler.

A valuable essay on "The Problem of City Beautification as Observed in Europe," by George T. Hammond, has been reprinted from the Twentieth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society. The essay includes a discussion, with illustrations, of conditions in English, German and French cities. George T. Hammond, 215 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The attention of the readers of the *SOUTH ATLANTIC QUARTERLY* is called to the fact that it is one of the publications regularly indexed in the "Readers' Guide Supplement." Libraries and subscribers who have preserved their files will find the Supplement of great value in making easily accessible the many valuable articles which have been published in past numbers of the *QUARTERLY*. The Supplement also indexes a long list of other periodical publications of substantial merit. It is a great time saver to literary workers. Complete facts regarding this periodical index may be obtained from the publishers, The H. W. Wilson Co., White Plains, New York.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has recently published an interesting booklet, entitled "The Colorado Industrial Plan."

It contains an article on "Labor and Capital—Partners," written for the *Atlantic Monthly* of January, 1916; an address to the employees of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, delivered at Pueblo, Colorado, October 2, 1915; an address to the people of Colorado delivered before the Denver Chamber of Commerce, October 8, 1915; and the agreement between the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company and its employees, with a plan of employees' representation. 95 pp., 26 Broadway, New York.

In February appeared the first number of a new publication entitled *The Searchlight on Congress*. This new journal is to be published monthly by the National Voters' League, Woodward Building, Washington, D. C., "to acquaint the people with their law-makers." The first issue contains an interesting article on "Pensions and Politics," in which the private pension claim evil is exposed, and a list of the "pension statesmen" in the House is published. Another important article is devoted to the matter of "Reforming the Rules." The new publication contains a summary day by day of the business transacted by Congress. Subscription, \$1.00 a year, which includes membership in the National Voters' League.

The American Jewish Committee of New York City has published a report on "The Jews in the Eastern War Zone." This volume is a message of protest to the people of America against the cruelties and indignities to which the Jews have been subjected in the course of the European War. Its object is to appeal to the sympathy and conscience of the world in the cause of justice. The report is full of verified evidence of the sufferings of an unfortunate people, and it deserves the widest publicity. The American Jewish Committee, 356 Second Avenue, New York City.

Under the name of the Riverside Uplift Series the Houghton Mifflin Company is publishing a series of small books of interest and inspiration by well known authors. A recent volume is "Why I Believe in Poverty," by Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*. This is a striking expo-

sition of the advantages of poverty as a condition "to experience, to go through, and then to get out of." Mr. Bok believes that poverty is the richest experience that can come to a boy. Another volume in the series is an essay of great distinction written anonymously and entitled "Whither." The author raises the question whether the unexampled progress of the modern world is progress in the right direction. He is an idealist questioning the materialism of our time, one who expresses a "longing unutterable for righteousness, for faith in the spiritual, for enlarging and unending life." Price, each 50 cents net.

The city of Asheville has begun the publication of a monthly *Municipal Bulletin*. The first number appeared in January. This publication is the outgrowth of the Asheville *Health Bulletin*, which has been serving its purposes well for the past five years. The enlarged bulletin has as its purpose the giving of definite and detailed information to the public regarding the operations of all departments of the city government. It is delivered free to all taxpayers. Asheville is to be congratulated on this new evidence of the progressive spirit of her public officials.

Senator Elihu Root's important addresses and state papers on foreign affairs have been collected by some of his friends and published by the Harvard University Press. Other volumes of papers and addresses by Senator Root will later be published, the material for these being classified in such a way as to make them illustrative of Mr. Root's varied activities in public life.

A useful bulletin has recently been published in the University of Missouri Social Science Series entitled "The Monroe Doctrine: Its Origin, Development, and Recent Interpretation." This publication is the work of Frank Fletcher Stephens, Assistant Professor of American History. It gives a concise account of the history and development of the Monroe Doctrine and is especially valuable for the light it throws on the

recent interpretations of the Doctrine. A select bibliography is appended to this valuable bulletin.

The poetry-loving public will welcome the *Poetry Review*, a new monthly publication under the editorship of William Stanley Braithwaite, with Joseph Lebowich as associate editor. Cambridge, Massachusetts, is the home of the new review, the first number of which appeared in May. In general appearance the *Poetry Review* is similar to the *New Republic*. Many poetry magazines have come and gone in America. But the excellence of the first two numbers of the new enterprise gives promise that it will do much to quicken public interest in a noble literary art. Subscription price, one dollar a year.

The second issue of the *Richmond College Historical Papers* appeared in June. This is a well printed publication of 355 pages, filled with valuable articles and documents relating to the history of Virginia. The editor is Professor D. R. Anderson of Richmond College, and the present number is dedicated to J. Taylor Ellyson, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia. An especially interesting paper is that of Margaret Kean Monteiro on "The Presidential Election of 1860 in Virginia." The volume gives evidence of the commendable activity of Richmond College professors and students in research in the history of their state. Published annually at one dollar.

Dr. Henry H. Hibbs of Birmingham, Alabama, has recently made a statistical study of "The Present Position of Infant Mortality: Its Recent Decline in the United States." This has been reprinted from the publication of the American Statistical Association. It will appear as one of the chapters of a book on "Infant Mortality" to be published under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation.

Judge Walter Clark's paper, "Back to the Constitution," in which he opposes the prevalent exercise by American courts of power to declare laws unconstitutional, has been reprinted in pamphlet form from the *American Law Review*.

A valuable publication to all who are interested in more profitable farming and progress in rural life is the *Extension Farm News*, issued weekly to the press of North Carolina by the Agricultural Extension Service at Raleigh. The *Farm News* is a weekly broadside of agricultural science and economics which makes the results of study, laboratory, and experiment station practically available to farmer, gardener, and orchardist.

Captain Samuel A. Ashe delivered an unusually interesting address, October 19, 1915, on the occasion of the presentation to the Supreme Court of North Carolina of a portrait of George Davis, Attorney General of the Confederate States. The address is filled with valuable information on the career of George Davis and the history of North Carolina. It has recently been published in pamphlet form by Edwards and Broughton, Raleigh, N. C.

The addresses and reports presented at the Negro Christian Student Conference held at Atlanta, Georgia, May 14-18, 1914, have been published in a paper bound volume by the Student Volunteer Movement, 25 Madison Avenue, New York City. The volume is edited by Mr. A. M. Trawick. A useful appendix contains a list of some of the best books on the negro in America and Africa. 50 cents.

The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India, issues many interesting books and pamphlets. A recent volume is "Pictures of Buddhist Ceylon," by F. L. Woodward, which contains a number of interesting illustrations. The same house is publishing a series of New India political pamphlets. Annie Besant writes on "The Future of Young India" and Amvika Charan Mazumdar writes on "The Separation of Judicial from Executive Functions." One of the latest publications of this house is Annie Besant's "Theosophy and Life's Deeper Problems."

The Atlanta University Press has recently published No. 20 of its series of publications. This is a compilation of papers

of especial use in the study of race problems. It is edited by J. A. Bigham, Professor of Economics and History in Atlanta University. Among the contributors are Franz Boas, W. E. B. Du Bois, R. S. Woodworth, W. I. Thomas, and others. Price, 50 cents.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford has added to his series of biographical studies, which have included "Lee, the American," and "Confederate Portraits," a new volume entitled "Union Portraits." In this latest book he does for the Northern side what he has previously done for the Southern, selecting as typical of the North Sherman, McClellan, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Stanton, Seward, Sumner, and Samuel Bowles. This important collection of biographical sketches is reserved for later review. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$1.50 net.

Citizens of Cincinnati will certainly have their community pride quickened by the account of the history and municipal activities of their city contained in the "Citizens Book." This novel volume, published under the auspices of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce and edited by Charles R. Hebble and Frank P. Goodwin, presents a most valuable survey of the history, institutions, and public enterprises of that progressive city. The work is elaborately illustrated. It is full of information and suggestions for those interested in civic affairs in any community. Stewart and Kidd Company, Cincinnati. \$1.25 net.

The *Training School Quarterly*, published by the students and faculty of the East Carolina Teachers Training School, Greenville, North Carolina, is one of the best journals of its class. The faculty editor is Miss Mamie E. Jenkins, who is assisted by a staff of student editors. Every number of this interesting magazine contains many short and practical articles calculated to stimulate progress in town and country life. Such a journal ought to help to make many communities better places in which to live. The *Quarterly* is edited with great care and is a credit to the institution which publishes it. 50 cents a year.

